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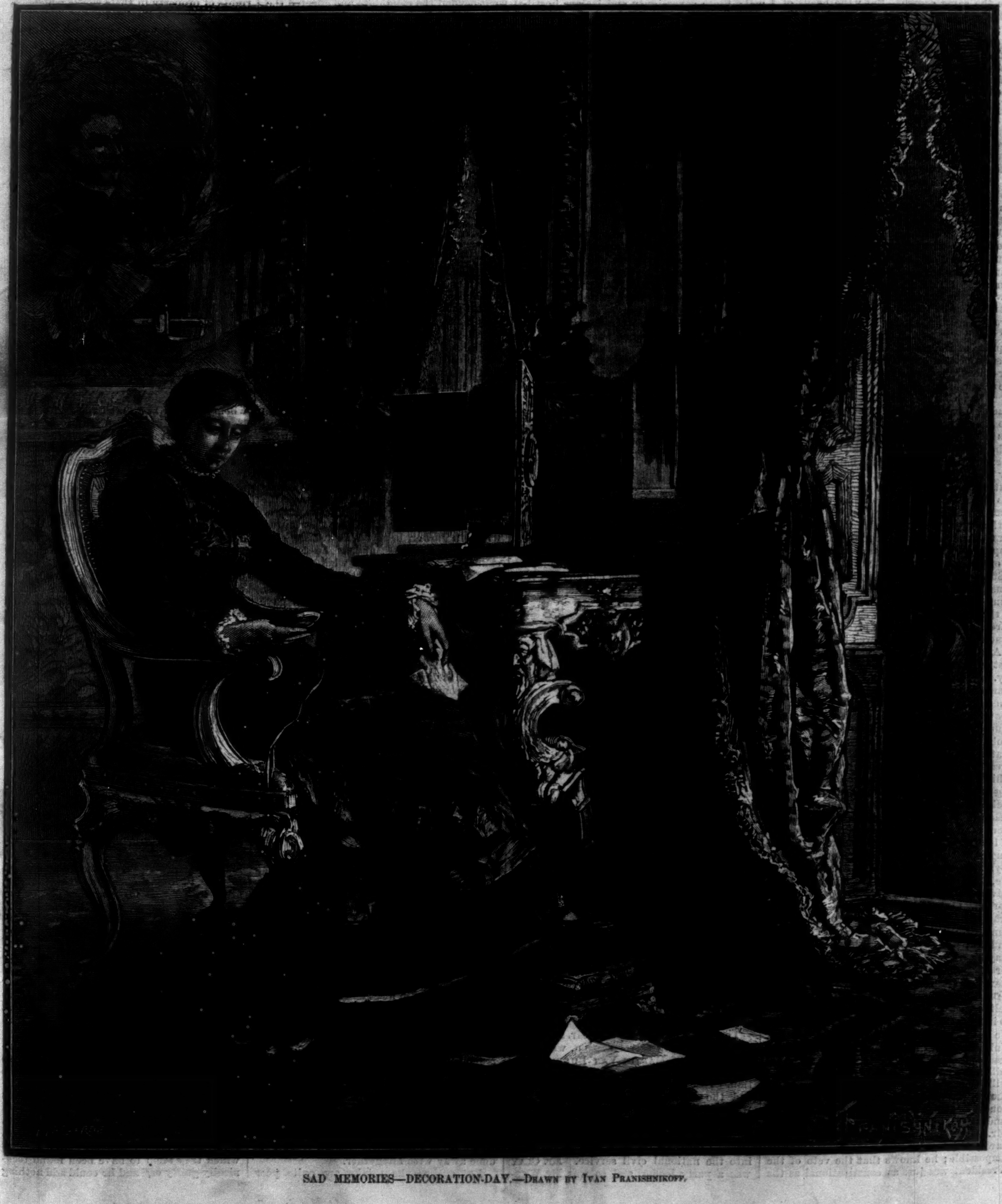


SAD MEMORIES—DECORATION-DAY.—Drawn by Ivan Pranishnikoff.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 7, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a series of pictures showing life and sport in Hudson Bay, the portraits of two celebrated trotting horses, and other interesting features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE QUESTION OF NATIONAL AUTHORITY.

SOME of the leading Democratic papers strongly advise the passage of the appropriation bills by Congress, and the reference of the pending questions to the country. Many of the Congressional leaders urge the same course. But "the heads of parties, like snakes, are governed by the tail;" and the cynical remark of the British statesman—the truth of which in general we do not admit, for its truth would be fatal to a republican system—is suggested by the performances of the Democrats in Congress. Whether they adjourn or not, the result of their action has been the renewed union of the Republican party in defense of the great principle established by the war. It is impossible that men like Mr. Bayard and Mr. Kernan should not see this plainly, and as party men it is impossible that they should not regret it. They can not accuse the Republicans of re-opening the question. It was the deliberate decision of the Democratic caucus at the close of the late session of Congress to force this issue, and it is both a confession of weakness and an immense blunder. The only real questions before the country were those of financial administration and of reform, upon both of which, however, the Republican position was best. Resumption had been peacefully and prosperously accomplished. The refunding policy was a great triumph, and the only real impulse of reform was among Republicans. In such a situation, we grant, as in the thunder-shower, "something must be done," by the Democrats; but nothing could have been less wise than to bring forward the fundamental question settled by the war as the Democratic platform. This, however, has been done. The evasion of calling it "the army at the polls," and "overawing freemen," and "bayonets and ballots," is simply silly. The argument, in the few Democratic speeches that have assumed to argue, has been that the States alone are to determine for themselves when the national authority may be enforced within their borders. A member of Congress from Mississippi, upon the eve of secession, talked loudly of the "sovereign State of Mississippi"—a State which existed solely by the national consent—and we have had precisely the same spectacle now. The inherent defect of the Democratic party was never more apparent than in the course prescribed by the caucus, and thus far followed in Congress.

Another of its fatal defects will be manifest when the appeal is made to the country. Democratic orators and papers constantly assume an utter want of intelligence upon the part of the American people, and that they are to be influenced by the same kind of demagogic appeals which sway the mob of European capitals. Even Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress depict the national government, of which they are parts, as a kind of overbearing and menacing monster of despotism seeking to destroy popular liberty. They describe it as if it were something different from the people and above them, and speak of it as the Parliamentary leaders of 1645 in England spoke of the Stuart monarchy and royal irresponsibility. The American people, to whom these orators address themselves, they seem to suppose to be an ignorant, prejudiced, desperate multitude, ground under the heel of an intolerable tyranny, totally unable to reason or to observe, and ready to accept any thing as true that may be said to them. The other evening, for instance, at Tammany Hall, Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, who recently made a strong and temperate speech in Congress, delivered a harangue which, as an address to intelligent Americans, was extraordinary. He said that "the representatives of the United States in Congress assembled" had resolved that hereafter there should be no military interference at elections, and this will, which was the will of the majority of the people of the United States, had been contemptuously overruled by the Executive under the control of the minority. Now Mr. Carlisle knows that under existing laws military interference at elections is impossible; he knows that the veto of the President was just as constitutional as the vote of Congress; he knows that the veto was not contemptuous; and he knows that the will of the majority of the people—even if he knew what it is, and he does not know—can only make itself felt constitutionally. He knows that the implication of his remark is the monstrous untruth that the will of the majority is the rightful government, whereas it is only the will of a constitutional majority constitutionally expressed which is the rightful government. Mr. Carlisle despised the intelligence of his audience, as many journals despise the intelligence of their readers, or he would not have made such a speech. Its apparent aim was to represent the Democratic party as the party of political purity, and when he sat down, Mr. John T. Hoffman rose and complimented him. Mr. Carlisle is from Kentucky, and he possibly did not know the bitter irony of that situation. Mr. Hoffman is popularly known in New York as "Tweed's Governor," and his authority upon purity of elections is not great.

The Democratic party, then, proposes to make State sovereignty and jealous hostility to the national government its platform for the election of 1880. It is a challenge which the Republicans will gladly accept. The effort to represent the Republicans as advocates of the army at the polls can be very easily and "contemptuously" baffled by quoting the law and the declared willingness of the President to sign any bill to make the law more efficient. This done, the war will be carried into Africa. It will be shown that the whole agitation is a pretext, that it is defended upon a plea which the war has settled, and that its object is free fraud and violence at the polls. Jealousy of the national government and fear of an illegal use of the army can not be awakened in the American people, and when the effort is led by those who rose in rebellion to overthrow the government, and who do not love the army, there will be a wholesome and not mischievous "uprising of the people." That this should be the character of the campaign may be regretted, but if the great question is still undecided, it should be fully argued before the country. It is pitiful that party organs should seriously assert that the bill to suspend the national authority was vetoed because the Administration means to use the army at the next election. Among many statutes which forbid such action, this is one:

> "Every officer or other person in the military or naval service who by force, threat, intimidation, order, advice, or otherwise prevents or attempts to prevent any qualified voter of any State from freely exercising the right of suffrage at any general or special election in such State, shall be fined not more than $5000 and imprisoned at hard labor not more than five years."

Military interference at the polls by order of President Hayes, supported by his cabinet, is a proposition so ridiculous that nothing but the contempt for the intelligence of the people of which we have spoken would ever suggest it. By all means let us see whether the Bulldozers can elect a President upon the ground that the Republicans propose to intimidate voters.

MR. MARCY'S "JOKE."

Senator Kernan is a decided Democrat, but he is honorably eminent for not being an acrid partisan, and upon the great questions of the electoral troubles of 1876, the finances, and the proposition of Messrs. Thurman and Beck to attempt to coerce the Executive by adjourning Congress without passing the appropriation bills, he has shared the better sentiment of his party and of the country. But we observe that his political memory needs a little rubbing up. During his recent speech, when Mr. Morrill asked him if William L. Marcy, to whom Senator Kernan had alluded, was the same one who was generally credited with the remark, "To the victors belong the spoils," the Senator replied:

> "I have heard it stated that Mr. Marcy said that, and it was doubtless a joke when some men were whining.... because of a change. .... I suppose Mr. Marcy, in answer to some mournful complaining, said that to the victors belong the spoils, and that it was proper to put some of his own political friends in office."

Mr. Marcy undoubtedly said it, but not at all jocosely, nor under any such circumstances as Senator Kernan—doubtless to make his point against the Republicans mourning over the loss of the Senate offices—chooses to state.

The remark was made by Mr. Marcy in January, 1832, in secret session, when the nomination of Martin Van Buren to be minister to England was under consideration. It was a Senate of very able men, and the ablest took part in the debate. Henry Clay, in opposing confirmation, had eloquently attacked what he called the New York system of political proscription, which President Jackson was introducing into the national civil service. Mr. Clay was a party leader, and so was Mr. Webster. But neither of them had ever seen, nor had the country ever known, such "an inquisition for spoils," as Mr. Webster called it, as that which General Jackson undertook, and which is detailed in the political correspondence of the time. "If it were to be perpetuated," said Mr. Clay, "if the offices, honors, and dignities of the people were to be put up to the scramble, and to be decided by the results of every Presidential election, our government and our institutions, becoming intolerable, would finally end in a despotism as miserable as that of Constantinople." What Mr. Clay deprecated as a fatal system has long been accepted by his successors not only as justifiable, but as essential to successful government by party. But public opinion is gradually perceiving that his warning was timely and wise. It was to Mr. Clay especially that Mr. Marcy, the friend of Mr. Van Buren and a Senator from his State, addressed his reply. He began by saying that he had not intended to speak upon the main question, but that Mr. Clay's remarks went beyond the candidate and affected the State of New York. He continued:

> "I know, Sir, that it is the habit of some gentlemen to speak with censure or reproach of the politics of New York. Like other States, we have contests, and, as a necessary consequence, triumphs and defeats. The State is large, with great and diversified interests. In some parts of it commerce is the object of general pursuit; in others, manufactures and agriculture are the chief concerns of its citizens. We have men of enterprise and talents who aspire to public distinction. It is natural to expect from these circumstances and others that might be alluded to that her politics should excite more interest at home, and attract more attention abroad, than those of many other States in the confederacy. It may be, Sir, that the politicians of New York are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are as to disclosing the principles on which they act. They boldly preach what they practice. When they are contending for victory, they avow their intention of enjoying the fruits of it. If they are defeated, they expect to retire from office. If they are successful, they claim, as a matter of right, the advantages of success. They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy."

In the *Life of Jackson*, Mr. Parton says that Mr. Marcy acknowledged, when he was honestly writing out his speech for the press, that he would have willingly recalled the phrase. But it was perfectly apt. It described the system so accurately that it was in itself an argument. For it implied that such a system necessarily changed an election from a contest of principles and policies into a desperate scramble for plunder, and that a party in a republic comes into power at the polls as Cromwell's army entered Drogheda, to sack and ravage, and to give no quarter. It is no wonder, of course, that elections are furious contests, and that in our quadrennial choice of President, which is but a fierce struggle of hundreds of thousands of "ins" with a million of "outs," all sensible observers see the weak spot of our system. Mr. Marcy, of course, retorted upon Mr. Clay that he, too, when in power, believed in taking good care of his friends, and, if he had the chance, would do precisely what the President was doing. The vote upon Mr. Van Buren's confirmation was a tie, 23 upon each side. Vice-President Calhoun gave his casting vote in the negative, and the Senate did *not* advise and consent to the confirmation of Mr. Van Buren. But his friends said that it made him both Vice-President and President. It was, indeed, no joke that Mr. Marcy uttered. But it is surely something gained for good government, for honorable politics, and for national morality that forty-seven years after his famous words were spoken, during which the abuse defended by them had become not only a practice but a principle, the evil should have been so peremptorily challenged by the good sense of the country that a practical effort should be honestly making in its very chief seats to restore a reasonable and respectable system.

MR. FROUDE AND COPYRIGHT.

At the late annual dinner of the Royal Academy in London—at which the new president, Sir Frederic Leighton, presided, and the Prince of Wales and other notable personages were present—it was hoped that Mr. Bret Harte would respond to the toast, "Science and Literature." In his absence Mr. Froude, the historian, spoke, and said courteously that in Mr. Harte's writings are "the most delicate humor and pathos which are to be found in any modern writer." He then proceeded to remark upon the better understanding which has lately grown up between the two countries in respect to copyright, and alluded with force and good-humor to the fact that the arrangement upon the subject which is mutually desired by English and American authors is assailed by "free-traders" as a huge monopoly. The argument, he says, seems to be that better books were written before copyright was invented than are written now, and better books, therefore, will be written when it is done away with altogether.

But authors, he thinks, are quite poor enough already, and public men have sometimes queer ideas as to the encouragement of letters. He has discovered recently that in Queen Anne's time it was proposed that men of letters should be allowed to import a hogshead or two of tobacco yearly as a promotion of literary activity and production. But, said Mr. Froude, "Let us and the Americans come to an understanding, and I think literature will thrive better than under the discipline proposed." Undoubtedly Mr. Froude speaks for all British authors, who have very friendly relations of courtesy with American publishers, and who know perfectly well that in the absence of any understanding they have nothing but that courtesy upon which to depend. They know, also, as Professor Huxley stated plainly before the British Copyright Commission, that it is useless to defer all action until the absolute right of property in literary productions is acknowledged, because that would be to take no step forward. An arrangement which should secure in this country to English writers some of the limited rights of property in their works which are allowed them in England ought not to be impracticable if undertaken with a sincere desire to find a common ground of agreement.

In reaching such a conclusion, national traditions and characteristics and situations, together with vested rights and property interests, must all be taken into careful consideration. "Let us and the Americans come to an understanding," says Mr. Froude, and it will be a common advantage. But obviously no such understanding could be reached without concessions upon all sides. There is no doubt, however, that suitable concessions would be made, and that the long controversy might be put in the way of happy settlement. The speech of Mr. Froude shows, at least, how one of the chief parties in interest, the English author, feels.

COMEDY IN COURT.

The *World* recently published a new "Bab Ballad," with illustrations, but we had not supposed that a prose version of it would be immediately presented in one of our courts of justice. The ballad described the arraignment of a nobleman in a police court, and the profound deference of the bench to the dock when the judge comprehended that it was an actual peer, a living duke, upon whom the law had dared to lay its hand. How he apologized humbly, and respectfully invited his Grace to a seat upon the bench, is duly set forth in instructive and suggestive verse. It is, however, no offense, we trust, to the excellent author of "Bab" to remark that late proceedings in the Brooklyn City Court are more comical than his comic rhymes. Messrs. John W. Flaherty and George C. Bennett, City Works Commissioners, after a trial of more than six weeks, and a consultation of the jury for thirty hours, were found guilty of conspiring to defraud the city of $50,000 by placing sinecurists, or men who did nothing for the money, upon the pay-rolls of the city. This is a rapidly increasing and gross offense. The infidelity of public officers to their trusts is a crime which strikes at the confidence which is the vital force of free institutions. The general looseness of morals upon the subject is a great and alarming peril, and there is no offense in the punishment of which the courts should be more prompt and vigorous. Apparently no trial could have been fairer than the one of which we speak, and no verdict more deliberately reached. It was therefore to be expected that nothing would occur to diminish the solemn warning at a time and in a community where it is most needed. But this is the point at which the comedy begins.

The day of sentence arrives. The court-room is densely crowded, and the judge takes his seat amid a silence "painful in its intensity." The District Attorney, by his representative, moves for sentence, saying—as it were a sucking dove—that the great lesson that officers must not betray their trusts and defraud the community has been already taught by the conviction; that the prosecution has no desire of vengeance—above all, no wish for undue or extreme punishment. The defendants have been by no means charged with appropriating the public money to their own use: far from it!—perish the thought!—they have only taken the money of other people, and given it fraudulently to third parties. That is all. And, after all, since they have been convicted, what is that? With these remarks the whole question is submitted to the discretion of the Court. The counsel for the defendants rises solemnly, and responds that he has no language to express his sense of the justice of the prosecution, which does credit to its head and heart. He should never, of course, for a moment, believe his clients "to be guilty of that which they seem to have been found technically guilty of," and he could add nothing to the fitting words that had been spoken. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. His clients' errors, if errors there be, are of the head, not of the heart. He is sure that his Honor could never undertake to humiliate these excellent men "by even approaching a sentence which might make them look like felons." The District Attorney, by another representative, here rises to urge anxiously that the dreadful Penitentiary be not thought of, and that nothing but a fine be imposed. The judge arises and asks to have his memory refreshed about the statute, and then deferentially remarks to their Graces—that is to say, to the gentlemen at the bar—"Mr. Flaherty and Mr. Bennett will please rise. As you are aware, I have but a single duty to perform. I remember your social positions, and therefore I take great pleasure in finding in this statute a certain limitation;" and having called attention to it, "I shall take pleasure in hearing any thing these gentlemen have to say." The gentlemen thereupon, one after the other, remark that if an error has been committed, it was of the head, not of the heart; they did only what every body did, and they leave the Board in a better condition than when they entered it. The judge in reply tenderly observes that, "Accepting the suggestion which has been made, and made so discreetly by counsel and yourselves, I have to impose upon each of you a fine of $250, as provided in the statute." The tributes of respect from the bar and the bench here end, the attending friends advance to congratulate, and the comedy closes.

This needs only to be set to *Pinafore* music, with the *World's* "Bab Ballad" as a prelude, and a run like that of the *Pinafore* may be safely predicted. It appears from this play that it is not the taking of public money and the illicit use of it which constitutes a real wrong, but the taking of such money for your own private pocket. But to the spectator of the comedy, sitting meditatively in the pit, it seems that if the purposes for which the money is appropriated are yours, it is very much as if you took the money for your own use. And it also seems to that spectator that if courts and counsel are to bend obsequiously before the respectability of those who are deliberately convicted of malappropriation of the public money intrusted to them, the courts of law are in great danger of falling not only into comedy, but into contempt.

BIMETALLISM.

There is little doubt that reasonable bimetallism has made recently very rapid progress in public favor, and the speech of Mr. Morton, of New York, terse and vigorous as it was, and Mr. M'Culloch's lecture at Cambridge, are striking illustrations of the fact. Upon the pending question of the free coinage of silver and the issue of silver certificates, all reasonable gold, and gold and silver, men are in accord. Mr. George Walker, for instance, is one of the earliest, ablest, and most consistent of the bimetallists, but he is strenuously opposed to free coinage. Indeed, the policy that he approves is to stop silver coinage altogether, that the countries which have demonetized silver may not overwhelm us with it, and that a reconsideration of the whole question be forced upon the leading powers of the world. If we do not misunderstand the purport of the appropriation moved by Mr. Kernan for Mr. Bayard, it is to cover the expense of a delegate to a monetary conference which might reach some other conclusion than that of last year; and in which the American representative might say to his European associates, in the words of Mr. Morton: "We will not attempt to help you out of your troubles until you agree with us to use silver as a measure of value. We are ready to enter into such a mutual compact with you as will have the effect of restoring silver to its old steadiness of value, so that it may again be a measure of other values." And Mr. Morton added, what we suppose to be the feeling of all honorable and honest bimetallists: "Let us not attempt to force the issue of silver beyond the amount which can be used as a circulating medium, until European nations will join us in making a silver currency equivalent in value to gold."

This is the aim of the bimetallists of whom we speak, and this is as far as possible from the wild and ignorant and dangerous schemes which are represented by the bill for the free coinage of silver and the issue of certificates upon silver bullion. This is a scheme to issue a government certificate, or to stamp a coin, alleging that eighty-four cents' worth of silver is a hundred cents. It is, in other words, as Mr. Morton fitly characterized it, "the repudiation, pure and simple, of one-sixth part of all indebtedness, public and private." It is a bill discriminating in favor of silver mines; and if the owners of silver are to be benefited at the expense of other people, why should not the owners of other commodities be aided in the same way? If the government is to store one kind of property, issue certificates upon it, and make them a legal tender, why should it not do the same with all other kinds of property? Then, indeed, the currency would be "based upon the property of the country," as the advocates of French assignats contended that it should be, and as the inflationists and paper-money men in this country have echoed. There is no clearer or better way of reducing the argument to its absolute absurdity.

To call eighty-four cents a dollar, and to compel men to receive them for their wages as a dollar, is a fraud. A coin containing 412½ grains of silver is to-day, at the present value of silver in the market, worth only eighty-four cents. A law compelling the government to coin as a dollar all silver that offers, would allow the German Government and all owners of silver to "pour it into our mints to receive for every eighty-four cents a legal-tender silver dollar. They will make by this simple process nearly twenty per cent., and our own people, who will be obliged to receive the coins as legal tender, will be the losers." Men who receive wages understand that it is not the stamp of the government which gives value. That stamp merely attests fineness and weight. The government might, indeed, stamp a piece of tin with the word dollar, but no sane man supposes that the stamp would make it worth a dollar, and if a man should give a day's work for it he would be a fool. The special correspondent of the New York *Herald* in Washington publishes a list of the various bills which have been introduced in Congress to make every body rich by providing in various ways that something less than a dollar shall be called a dollar. The "working-man," however, for whom all these financial doctors are so very anxious, will remember that in France and in the United States, in the days of assignats and of Continental currency, it took three hundred dollars to buy a jackknife. If Mr. De la Matyr's one thousand million paper dollars should be issued, it would take just as much labor to pay for labor as before, and it would be as true as ever that labor alone, not the printing-press, produces wealth.

GERMAN-AMERICAN REPUBLICANS.

We are often asked what good German Republican paper can be recommended for distribution in districts where there is a large German vote, and we have always mentioned the New York *Republikaner*, which is the only German Republican paper published in New York. It is now a weekly, but a daily issue is proposed, and it will be furnished at a surprisingly cheap rate. There are more than four hundred German newspapers in the country, and they are chiefly "independent;" a small number are positively and "regularly" Republican, and of these the *Republikaner* is a well-edited and intelligent example. It is, so far as we know, uncommitted to any Presidential candidate, and would warmly support the "standard-bearer" whom the National Convention should select. We observed recently a statement that the large proportion of the German-American press in this State would probably prefer the candidacy of Mr. Sherman, because of his practical statesmanship. However this may be, the great number of German-born voters—of whom there are seven or eight hundred thousand—many of whom are reached only by newspapers in their native tongue, make the question of the selection of a journal one of importance, and we can testify to the stanch Republicanism of the *Republikaner*.

THE NEW ORLEANS CHURCH ORDER.

We are glad to state that the recent order of the Chief of Police in New Orleans, upon which we commented, requiring that the colored churches should be closed at ten o'clock in the evening, has been recalled by the Mayor, and the following order substituted:

"New Orleans, *May* 5, 1879.

"*Thomas N. Boylan, Chief of Police:*

"Dear Sir,—You will please issue the following order, on the subject of noisy churches, to the police: 'Whenever, after 10 P.M., in any church, there shall be any noise and tumult so as to disturb the neighborhood and justify fears of a disturbance of the peace, the policeman on the beat shall notify the pastor of said church that such disturbance must cease, and, in the event of failure to comply with such order, he shall make the proper affidavit against the offending parties.' I. W. Patton, *Mayor.*

"Revoke and cancel all previous orders.

"I. W. P."

This is proper and fair, if any special order be necessary to authorize the police to suppress a disturbance of public order. In any case, there is no offensive discrimination against any part of the population. The incident renews the opportunity of repeating what we have often said, that the whites in the Southern States hold the key of the situation. They can help themselves and the common welfare by nothing so much and so surely as by a resolute policy of justice and fair play toward the colored population. And this is to be made manifest not by platforms and declarations, but by energetic action. The continued array of the races against each other is a perpetual impeachment of the whites, because the color line would vanish the moment that the new citizens felt themselves to be perfectly secure in every right, and that sense of security is dependent upon the general spirit and conduct of the whites.

It is a very plausible abstract proposition that every part of the population in this country, like every man, must take the chances, and not expect to be peculiarly protected. But it is quite as reasonable that there should be peculiar national concern for a class in a slave-holding community suddenly raised from slavery to equal citizenship. Under our system it may not be easy to protect them directly by the national power, except in the exercise of national rights; but the situation will always furnish occasions for the most powerful political appeal. The circumstances are such that this appeal will tell most strongly against the old slave-holding class, and the proof of it is in the present political situation. The reasons which have led to the revocation of the New Orleans order should be conclusive with all well-meaning white citizens of the Southern States for a perfectly fair and friendly policy toward the colored citizens.

PERSONAL.

The last of a series of entertainments given to the Hon. Andrew D. White prior to his departure as United States minister to Germany was one that probably interested him most—the dinner given to him by his classmates—the famous Yale class of 1853. Few classes have sent out so many men who have become prominent in public life. Among them are Hon. Andrew D. White; Edmund C. Stedman, poet; Randall Gibson, member of Congress from Louisiana, and a general in the Confederate service; George H. Watrous, president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company; Benjamin K. Phelps, District Attorney of New York; H. C. Robinson, late Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut; Isaac H. Bromley, of the *Tribune* editorial staff; George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *Tribune;* Charlton T. Lewis, Esq., one of the foremost scholars in the country; E. C. Billings, United States District Judge of Louisiana; Wayne M'Veigh, a prominent public man of Pennsylvania; Rev. J. M. Whiton, D.D.; Dr. H. P. Stearns, superintendent of the Insane Retreat at Hartford; General E. Hanlan, Adjutant-General of Connecticut; D. A. Goddard, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser;* and J. Evarts Green, editor of the Worcester *Spy*.

—Messrs. R. L. and A. Stuart have recently given $80,000 for religious objects, of which $25,000 is for Presbyterian home missions, $25,000 for foreign missions, $25,000 for church extension purposes, and $5000 for ministerial relief.

—Aristocracy in England has taken on quite a gush for the American racing folk. Recently the Prince of Wales gave a Parole dinner, to which he invited Mr. Ten Broeck, Mr. Perry Belmont, and Mr. Howland Robbins. The latter gentleman has charge of Mr. Lorillard's interests and stable in England, and is known as one of the best amateur shots at home or abroad. Wales having dined them, the nobility and gentry have also joined in the courtesies of nourishment.

—The marriage of Mlle. Lefévre and M. Léon Glaize, at Paris, on the 17th of April, was typical of modern France. The bride's father, M. Ernest Lefévre, editor of the *Rappel*, invited his friends to the civil ceremony at the Mairie, while Madame Lefévre and the parents of the bridegroom issued a separate invitation for the religious service in the Church of St. Roch. Victor Hugo, true to his creed of never entering a church, witnessed the civil contract, and then gave his place to M. Paul de Saint Victor. There were thus two witnesses—one civil and the other religious. M. Lefévre, the father, also left the wedding *cortége* at the portal of St. Roch. Evidently a public display of his principles as a freethinker were dearer to this enlightened Frenchman than the feelings of his own family.

—Senator Davis, of Illinois, seems scarcely able to command the unqualified admiration of the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who alludes to him in the following rather plain language: "As a circuit judge, before whom Mr. Lincoln practiced, he did well enough in the trial of ejectments, slander suits, and appeals of justices of the peace, but he was never a lawyer. He never argued a cause before the Supreme Court of the State, or in the United States courts, but was simply regarded as a jolly old party, holding *nisi prius* terms, and amusing the lawyers by telling stories in the bar-room. In an hour of weakness Mr. Lincoln elevated him to the highest office in his gift, that of Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, when nobody asked for his appointment, but, on the other hand, when the united bar of three States recommended another gentleman, who would have illustrated the position. As a Supreme Judge he cut but a sorry figure, and his opinions are scarcely ever referred to by lawyers as carrying any weight or authority."

—Selfish and money-grasping as was M. De Villemessant, the deceased editor of *Figaro*, he was warmly attached to those members of his staff who served him faithfully. In his will he directs that the paper shall be conducted in future by a triumvirate, consisting of M. Magnard, M. De Rodays, and M. Perivier, three members of his staff, and desires that seven or eight contributors shall receive a considerable share of the sum hitherto set apart for the paper, in order "to attach them to the concern."

—Mr. Labouchere, editor and proprietor of *Truth*, is a son of John Labouchere, a London banker, whose younger brother, Henry, was a member of Lord John Russell's cabinet. Mr. Labouchere's mother is a sister of Mr. Du Pré, for many years a colleague of Mr. Disraeli in the representation of Buckinghamshire. The family came from France, and settled first in Holland, where his grandfather, Peter, became a partner in the great house of Hope, and, on marrying a daughter, in 1796, of Sir Francis Baring, started a banking house in London. M. Labouchere himself has been M.P. for Windsor and Middlesex, where in 1866 he was defeated by Lord George Hamilton. He was educated for the diplomatic profession, was attaché of the British embassy at Washington under Sir John Crampton in 1853-54, and subsequently served at most of the leading capitals in Europe. He was the writer of the letters from Paris to the London *Daily News* during the siege, and is an able journalist, an accomplished linguist, a most interesting and original thinker and talker, and, under an affected coldness, possesses a very warm and generous heart. He is of agreeable presence, and forty-five years of age.

—Lord Derby is one of the richest peers of England, not more than four or five having a larger income. It is said to be about $5,000,000 a year. He has no children. His wife has a separate income of $100,000 a year. He has no expensive tastes, cares nothing for sport, and rarely enters his stables. His only brother, and heir to the title, is Colonel Stanley, Secretary of War, who inherited $500,000 from [illegible] father. Lord Derby and his father had few tastes or sympathies in common, and Colonel Stanley was the favorite son. The house of Stanley and the citizens of Liverpool have for a long time been on the most friendly terms, though interchange of courtesies between them are few and far between. Lord Derby takes his title from the Hundred of West Derby, in the county of Lancashire, not from the county or town of the name in mid-England. The senior branch of the Stanleys is represented in direct line by Sir John Stanley, who, like all his ancestors, is a Roman Catholic. The ancient family seat, Hooton, in Cheshire, was sold about twenty years ago to a Liverpool banker, in consequence of the extravagance of Sir John's brother. It had been five hundred years in the family.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The House, May 16, resolved to appoint a committee to consider the subject of traffic in alcoholic liquors.—On the 19th, Secretary Sherman, in response to a resolution of inquiry as to the amount of the direct tax of 1861 still due and uncollected, reported to the Senate that eleven of the States that participated in the rebellion owe $2,725,104, and all the other States and Territories $455,228.—On the 20th, the Senate passed the Legislative Bill, after refusing, by a party vote, to strike out the clauses relating to the test oath, the method of drawing jurors, and to interference with the deputy marshals and election supervisors of the United States. The House had a long struggle over the Silver Bill. On the 20th, the hard-money men of both parties, by a vote of 117 to 105, nullified one of the most obnoxious features of the measure, by amending the fourth section so as to provide that the coinage charges at the Mint shall be the difference between the market value of bullion and the legal-tender value of coin. The next day the House adopted the amended section by a vote of 113 to 109. A motion to lay a reconsideration of it on the table was carried by barely one majority. After this a complete somersault was made, and an amendment directing silver to be paid out for all public debts was adopted by a vote of 142 to 75. Twenty-four Republicans voted aye.

The New York State Legislature adjourned May 22. Two important bills have passed both Houses, one to reduce the legal rate of interest to six per cent., and the other to punish tramps.

The Iowa Democratic State Convention met at Council Bluffs May 21, and nominated Judge H. H. Trimble for Governor, T. D. Yeoman Lieutenant-Governor, Reuben Noble Supreme Court Judge, and Ervin Baker Superintendent of Public Instruction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

News comes from India that dacoity, or robbery by armed gangs, is assuming alarming proportions in the Deccan, especially in the Poonah district. For some time past bands of dacoits have been scouring the country, committing daring attacks on houses and villages. They seem to form a part of a regular organization, under the command of one Wassadeo Bulwund, lately a clerk in the Financial Department. They are suspected of having set the fire which destroyed the government school, the Boodwar Palace, the law courts, the post-office, the police office, and fifty houses in Poonah on the night of the 13th ult. They have issued a remarkable manifesto to the Bombay government, in which they threaten to raise another mutiny and put a price on the head of the governor unless their distress is relieved.

The Indian government has arranged with Yakoob Khan a satisfactory basis of negotiations. Among the principal points of the arrangement are the British command of the passes, with sufficient territory to constitute a scientific frontier, the appointment of a British resident at Cabool, and the control of the foreign relations of Afghanistan.

A battle has occurred between the Greeks and Turks at Perlazia, Thessaly. The Turks lost 450 men in killed and wounded, and the insurgents 70 men, including their leaders.

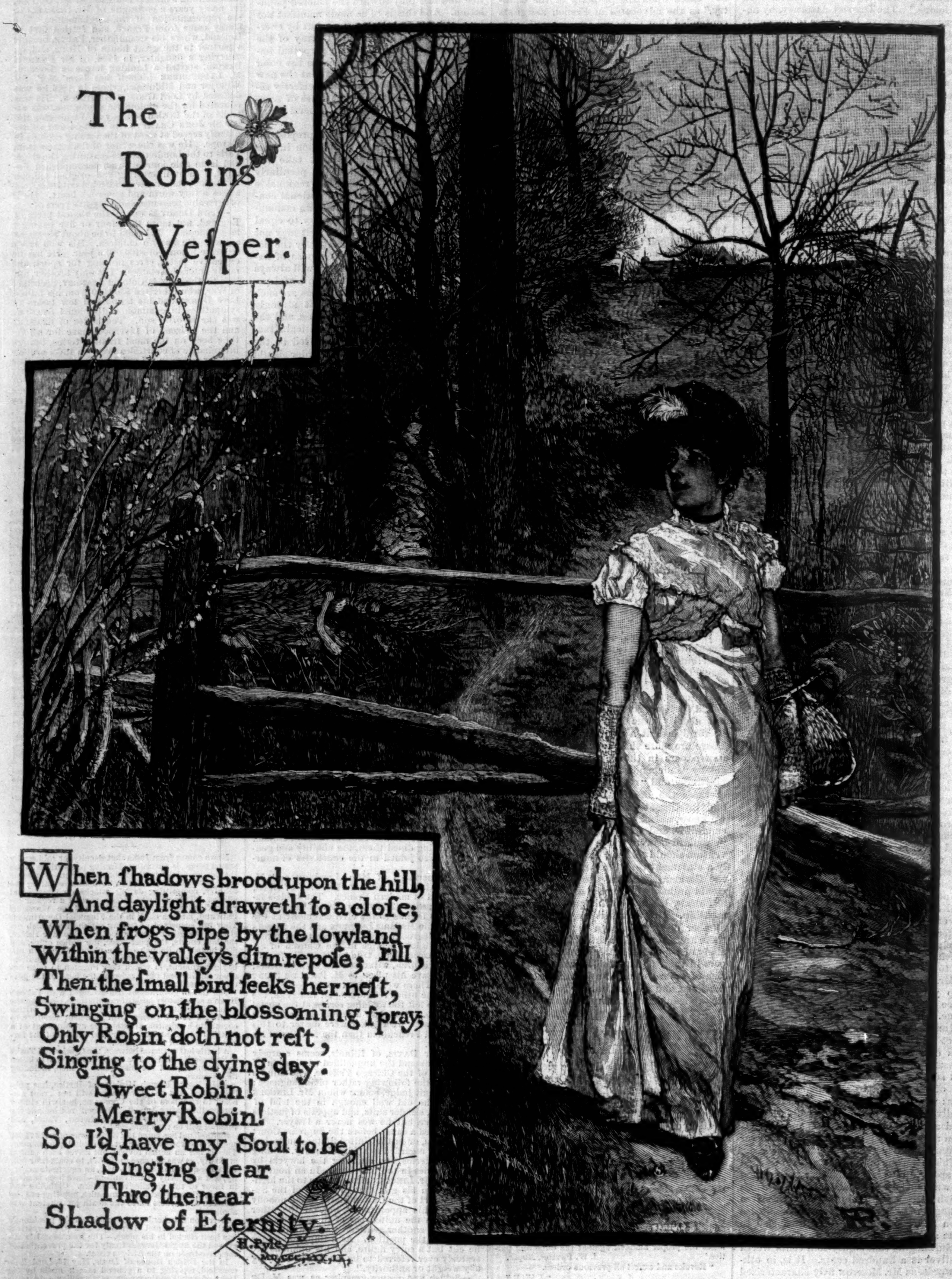
M. Le Royer, French Minister of Justice, has publicly stated that the government will not grant amnesty to members of the Commune, but will simply pardon them after June 6. This will not include the restoration of civil rights. Rochefort, Valles, and Blanqui will be thus pardoned.

Switzerland has voted 191,197 in favor of and 177,263 against the re-establishment of capital punishment. This is not an actual revival, but leaves each canton at liberty, as was the case until 1874, to enact it or not. Both conditions of validity—viz., an aggregate majority, and a majority of the cantons—have been secured in favor of this permissive measure. Catholics and Conservatives advocated the measure, pointing out the increase of murders since the death punishment was abolished.

Herr Von Forckenbeck has resigned the presidency of the Reichstag, and Herr Seydewitz (Conservative) has been elected in his place.—The Reichstag has approved the Anglo-German treaty for the prevention of the slave-trade on the African coast.

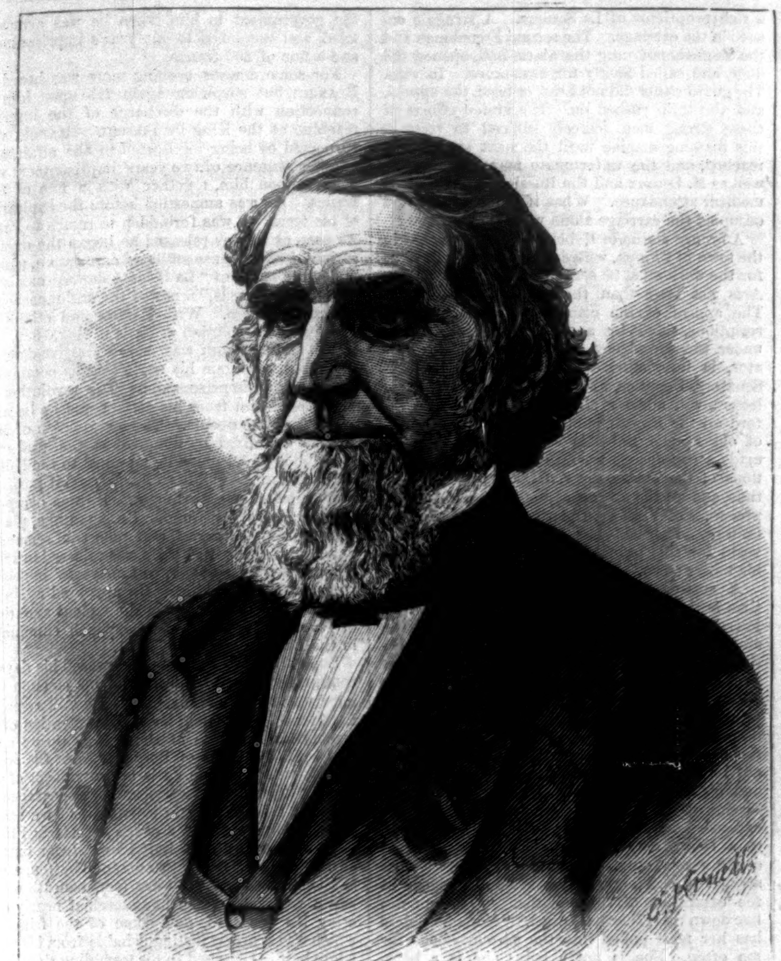
In the British House of Lords, May 16, Lord Beaconsfield, replying to a general attack made by the Duke of Argyll on the government's policy, said it was understood at Berlin that the evacuation of Roumelia by the Russians would be completed within a reasonable time after May 3. It could hardly take till August 3. Such tardiness would be disgraceful. He willingly acknowledged that Russia had shown a wise forbearance, and he believed she was sincerely anxious to bring about a state of affairs in Turkey such as Great Britain could assist to establish.

The Robin's Veſper.

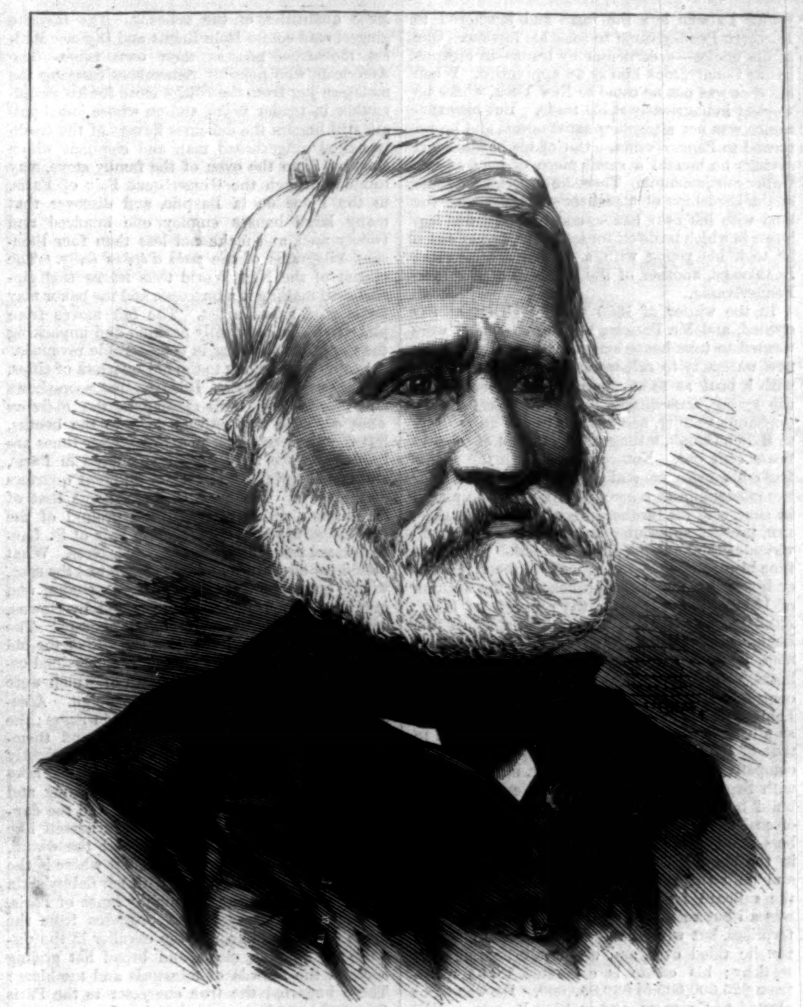


When ſhadows brood upon the hill,
And daylight draweth to a cloſe;
When frogs pipe by the lowland rill,
Within the valley's dim repoſe;
Then the ſmall bird ſeeks her neſt,
Swinging on the bloſsoming ſpray;
Only Robin doth not reſt,
Singing to the dying day.
Sweet Robin!
Merry Robin!
So I'd have my Soul to be,
Singing clear
Thro' the near
Shadow of Eternity.

H. Pyle
MD,CCC,LXX,IX,


C. Kruell

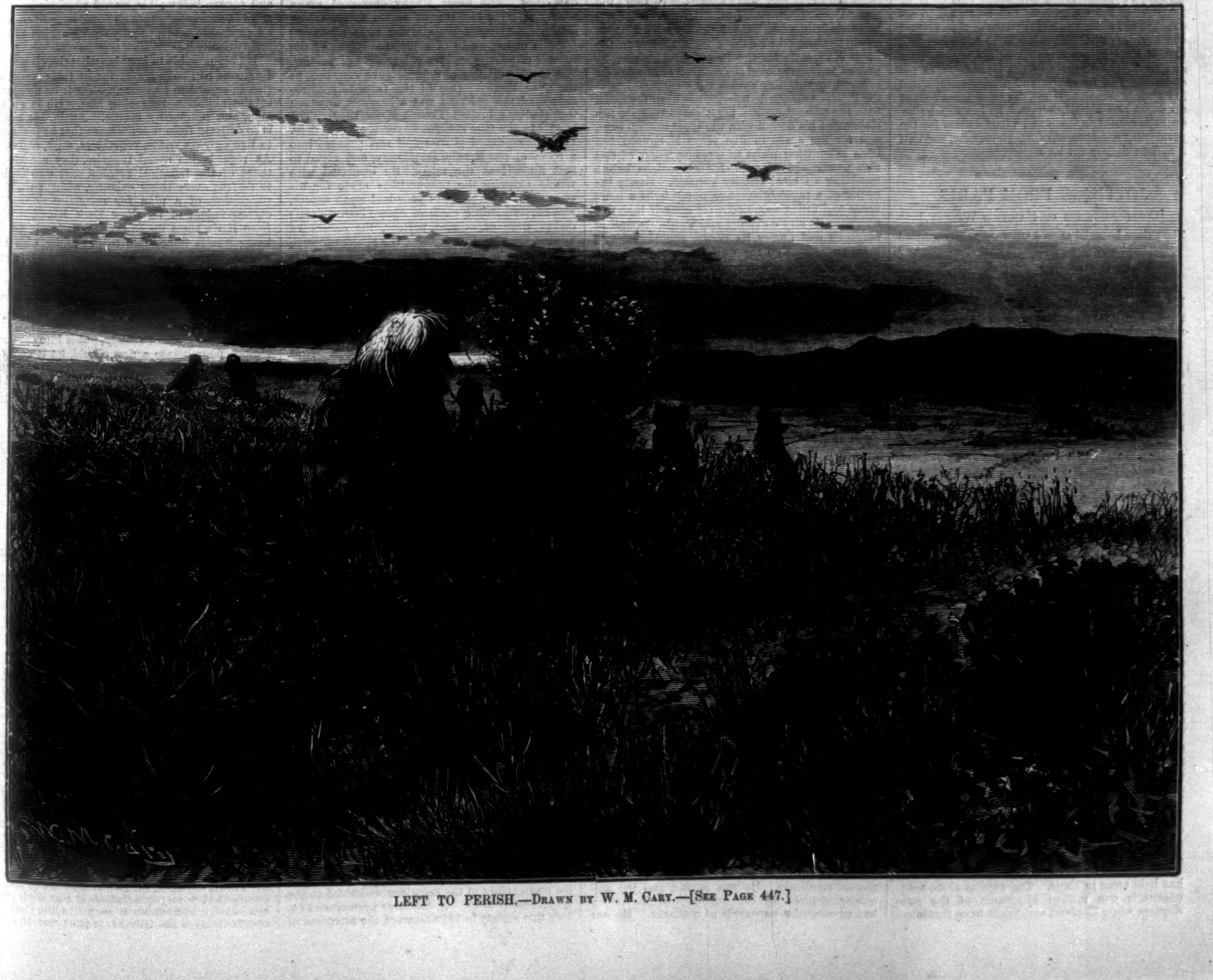
THE LATE HON. ASA PACKER.—Photographed by Broadbent and Taylor.


LOUIS AUGUSTE BLANQUI.—[See Page 446.]

JUDGE ASA PACKER.

The story of Judge Packer's life reads like a romance. Fifty-six years ago a poor untutored boy, with hardly a dollar in his pocket or a friend in the world, with knapsack on his back, he walked all the way from Connecticut to Pennsylvania in search of work. The other day he died, the richest man in his commonwealth, and second to none in grandeur of achievement and measure of influence. His whole career is but another example of what a young man in this country may accomplish through keen intelligence, dauntless energy, and unyielding integrity.

Asa Packer was born in Groton, Connecticut, December 29, 1805. His grandfather was a leading citizen of the town, and a farmer, tanner, and shoe-manufacturer. His father, though noted for his good sense and industry, never succeeded in business. When nearly eighteen years of age,


LEFT TO PERISH.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 447.]

young Packer left the farm and journeyed to Northern Pennsylvania to seek his fortune. One of his uncles—a carpenter by trade—in Susquehanna County, took him as an apprentice. When his time was out he came to New York, where he worked industriously at his trade. But his experience was not altogether satisfactory, and he returned to Pennsylvania. Out of his hard-earned savings he bought a small piece of land on the Upper Susquehanna. There he experienced some of the hardships of a pioneer's life, clearing the land with his own hands, and building the log-house in which he dwelt for ten years, and to which he took his young wife, a daughter of Zophar Blakeslee, another of the pioneers of Northern Pennsylvania.

In the winter of 1833 the Lehigh Canal was opened, and Mr. Packer, hearing that men were wanted to take boats loaded with coal down the new waterway to tide-water, engaged to go down with a boat as soon as the season opened. In the spring, accordingly, he left his farm in Susquehanna County, and walked nearly all the way to Mauch Chunk, taking charge of one of the first boats sent out. Not contented with the profits from his mere manual labor, he contracted for the mastership of a second boat, which he placed in charge of his brother-in-law, James I. Blakeslee, present superintendent of the Mahanoy division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. From that time his prosperity was marked. Among his other investments was the purchase in the autumn of 1834 of a small store, the property of E. W. Kimball, which stood upon the banks of the Lehigh. Giving up active operations as a boatman, he retained a money interest in several boats, and buying a boat-yard, he built boats, and contracted for the building of locks on the Upper Lehigh, which he completed in 1837. His fame as a contractor on the river was shortly equal to that of the famous George Law, and in 1838, in company with his brother Robert, he contracted with Stockton and Stevens, of New Jersey, to build boats at Pottsville for the transportation of coal to New York direct. In 1840, leaving his boat-building business to his brother, he engaged in the shipment of coal. In 1852 he projected and built the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and also the railroad from Mauch Chunk to Erie. He was all but ruined in completing these great enterprises, but with the aid of Commodore Stockton he tided over, and ultimately became very wealthy; his estate is estimated to be worth from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000. He was twice elected to Congress, and in 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention.

Judge Packer's charities and acts of benevolence to individuals and to many institutions were very large. His crowning act of benevolence, however, is the foundation and endowment of Lehigh University. The immediate object is to furnish, free of cost, to young men of talent and ambition, a place for a collegiate education of practical character, such as can be turned to account in the more important walks of professional and business life. To this end he has expended, to this time, in the erection of the commodious and spacious buildings of the University, in the endowment of its chairs and professorships, and in its general maintenance, the munificent sum of a million and a half dollars. In his will he bequeaths another million and a half dollars for the permanent endowment of the University, and half a million dollars for its library.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

The Prince Imperial as an Author.—The Gingerbread Fair.—A new Hospital.—Anecdote of Renan.—With a Madman in a Railway Car.—Statue of Rabelais.—An important Personage.

Paris, *May* 1, 1879.

Authorship is fashionable. Every body writes his own opinions of men and things, and of the making of books there is no end. Certainly the most modest genius may feel encouraged to enter the lists after the perusal of many of these effusions. Mrs. Gaskell's whimsical character described herself as once collecting pen, ink, and paper, with the end in view of becoming an author, but pausing because she had nothing to say—a weakness of purpose subsequently regretted, as so many continued after that point.

Thus it is already rumored that the Prince Imperial will publish his personal opinions of Zululand in *Le Pays*, of France, and the *Examiner*, of England. Why not? Did not his father, the Emperor, compile a new life of Cæsar while still wearing the imperial diadem? Has not Queen Victoria appeared before the world as an authoress?—an example followed by her noble son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne. Has not the Shah of Persia described his travels, for the enlightenment of his humble subjects, in print? The Prince Imperial, supported by such illustrious examples, may well be encouraged to describe the Zulu, and his partisans, who find France ungrateful because she does not cherish the memory of Napoleon III. with reverence, can not do better than to issue his writings serially in two countries. The question alone remains to be solved by himself if he has any thing original or impressive to communicate. One who has seen and studied his face would be disposed to doubt it. The Prince is small and insignificant in appearance, with the eyes of his parents, and a large nose. His amiability of character may serve to efface such a casual impression, and he is described as popular among his young comrades; but he wholly lacks the majestic beauty of the Romanoff, the military bearing, which has an element of true grandeur, of the Hohenzollern, the robust good humor of the English princes, and the natural elegance of the Hapsburg.

For three weeks the annual Gingerbread Fair has held sway in Paris. The capital alone manufactures one million kilograms of the *pain d'épices*, while England and Spain have furnished large quantities of the delicacy. The favorite gingerbread comes from Reims and Dijon. Modest industries possess their own value. The American, who possibly remembers carrying the molasses jug from the village store for his grandmother in tender years, and on whose jaded palate still lingers the delicious flavors of the freshly baked gingerbread man and elephant which emerged from the oven of the family stove, may ramble through the Gingerbread Fair of Paris, in the Place de la Bastille, and discover that many large houses employ one hundred and twenty men, and make not less than four thousand kilograms of the *pain d'épices* daily. The citizen of the New World thus learns that gingerbread-making is a business, and the baker may be classed as an artist. The fair moves from place to place, constantly packing and unpacking the wares, which bring in considerable revenues.

Street fairs belong to the old quarters of cities, and are passing away. It is true that peep-shows and mountebanks still accompany the *Foire au Pain d'Épices*, and crowds flock to the booths, but the picturesque elements of former times are lacking. Once fairs were fashionable in Paris, and lasted through the year in different quarters of the town. The most celebrated was that of St. Laurent, which occupied the ground of the present Strasbourg dépôt. The Fair of St. Laurent dated from the reign of Louis le Gros. What a field for adventure and excitement was the spot, where great dames came in sedan-chairs, and cavaliers in masquerade, surrounded by clowns, acrobats, and the exhibitors of wild beasts! The Fair of St. Germain, located on the site of the old market, was scarcely less popular, and gained celebrity for its little theatres, two of which were christened the Variétés and the Ambigu. A curious circumstance is recorded by old writers: the Opéra and the Comédie-française found themselves affronted by the success of these sprightly little theatres of the fair ground, and caused laws to be passed curtailing their realm of song and dialogue. The Indian in war-paint and the dancing bear, the fat woman who rents herself like a fiacre for ten sous an hour, and the dwarf, still haunt the gingerbread fête, but where is the marquise of the sedan-chair, with her dainty satin shoes held aloof from the muddy lanes of Paris, as well as her velvets and brocades from the touch of the canaille, and the cavalier in the disguise of muffling cloak and broad hat gliding through the crowds of minstrels and tumblers? These imparted the true character to the Paris fair, and have forever vanished.

Paris has received a magnificent gift of charity in the hospital erected by Sir Richard Wallace. This nobleman, already well known for his philanthropy, and especially during the siege, crowns all previous donations made to the city of his adoption by the spacious structure now completed in the suburban village of Lavallois-Perret, which faces the south, and bears above the entrance the name Hertford British Hospital, in honor of the builder's father. M. Sanson, the French architect, already renowned as having built a hôtel in the Louis XVI. style for the Prince of Arenberg, as well as having restored the château of Chaumont, brought by Mlle. Say among her wedding gifts to the Prince Amédée de Broglie, has been intrusted with the present work. Sir Richard Wallace has elaborated his design with the most minute care, and for the space of five years M. Sanson has been submitting plans to the inspection of this rich patron—plans requiring alterations before moulding an ideal charity hospital. Surely the owner of a princely revenue never built a more noble and fitting monument for himself than this one, with its airy corridors and wards, its staff of surgeons and nurses, its books, and illuminated texts suspended on the walls to meet the weary eyes of dejected invalids, its stores of fresh linen, its gardens planted with balsamic trees, and even the humane addition of a sheltered alley leading to a distant mortuary chapel—as the end.

An amusing anecdote is told of M. Renan. When the author of the *Life of Jesus* was still a candidate of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, he paid a visit to M. Naudet, member of the Institute, to demand his vote. M. Naudet is somewhat too well known for maladroit movements, blunders at which the old gentleman is first to laugh heartily. At the moment when M. Renan was about to retire, with his gouty foot, his host, who accompanied him to the door, pushed him accidentally, and the visitor fell heavily on a fauteuil fortunately placed near the door. "Ah, M. Naudet, you have seated me in the fauteuil, and you will assuredly not have the courage to remove me from it again," said M. Renan, promptly.

The Continental railway carriage has again served as the scene of a terror, possible in prosaic real life. The Calais train paused at the station of Abbeville, and M. Leroux entered a first-class compartment for Paris. The carriage was already occupied by two Frenchmen, a Russian, and an Englishman. Our traveller took his place with that mildness and patient aspect peculiar to the Latin races in making a journey, and which contrasts so amusingly with the bustling activity of the Anglo-Saxon. Doubtless M. Leroux prepared to sleep as much as possible en route, and never to glance out of a window at passing objects—another peculiarity of Northern races. Scarcely had the train moved on when the Frenchman seated opposite suddenly looked at M. Leroux with an expression of furious anger, and exclaimed, "You have stolen my cap!" "Monsieur!" retorted M. Leroux, stupefied by the accusation. His *vis-à-vis* allowed him no leisure for protestations. He threw himself on the inoffensive traveller, and struck him a violent blow in the face. The Russian attempted to interfere, and was kicked in the chest by this nimble assailant. No doubt remained of his mental condition. He was insane, and the animosity inspired by the unconscious M. Leroux had developed a paroxysm of madness. He was a rich proprietor of La Somme. A struggle ensued in the carriage. The second Frenchman and the Englishman rang the alarm-bell, opened the door, and called loudly for assistance. In vain. The guard either did not hear, or heed, the appeal, and the train rushed on. The united efforts of these strong men scarcely sufficed to restrain this foaming maniac until the next station was reached, and the unfortunate man removed, as well as M. Leroux and the Russian, who required medical attendance. What if our traveller had occupied the carriage alone with the madman?

A bronze statue of Rabelais is to be erected in the town of Chinon, where he was born. Designs for the work must be sent to the School of Beaux-Arts not later than the 6th of next August. The appeal of the committee to demand subscriptions, aided by another formed at Paris, under the presidency of M. Crémieux, the Senator, is interesting. This body, composed of Senators, Deputies, savants, artists, and men of letters, will address all liberal Europe, and before all the French public. Among the writers of old France Rabelais stands first as having made a courageous warfare against the corruptions of the clergy, the venal magistracy of his time, and all the abuses of his day. He was the precursor of Voltaire, Diderot, and of Paul Louis Courier. Rabelais has waited three hundred years for this public recognition of a statue in his native town.

A prominent personage in Paris at the present time is the *chef* of M. Gambetta. This cook rejoices in the sonorous nickname of Trompette, and is reputed to be an artist of the purest Parisian type. He is large and stout, coquettish as to the freshness of his linen, the quality of his apron and cap. He esteems very highly his profession, which he pronounces a science, and speaks much in aphorisms. "The kitchen," says this oracle, "is chemistry; only all chemists could not be cooks." His career has been brilliant, and his experience vast. He was once in the service of M. Louis Fould, who found him a trifle expensive, and therefore passed Trompette over to a rich stranger, proprietor of a magnificent estate near Tours. Later the *chef* entered the service of M. Thiers, but departed in dudgeon at the expiration of two months. "One can not live down there," he explained. "Madame Thiers has her nose poked into the account-books far too often. She is not a lady; she is a bourgeoise." In politics this great man is supposed to be an Imperialist; therefore M. Gambetta may have the misfortune not to be deemed a gentleman by his cook, especially if he is not liberal as regards the system of *l'anse du panier*.

The Latin Quarter has recently lost another of its once celebrated characters in the death of M. Magny, at the age of seventy-two years. This old man kept a popular restaurant, and furnished in himself another of the portraits in the gallery of old cities. The Sieur Magny cherished many souvenirs. He had beheld seated at his tables distinguished strangers and the most renowned persons of the world of art, the students of the schools of science and the active field of politics. The famous dinners of Sainte-Beuve were held at the Café Magny. One of the favorite reminiscences of the old man was a banquet to which the students invited Proudhon in 1849. The story has the true student flavor the world over. The distinguished philosopher was ushered into a room of the Restaurant Magny, and urged to seat himself at the table. He inspected with visible surprise the preparations made for his reception. The table, of poor and mean aspect, was covered with a cloth of coarse brown linen; dishes were of colored pottery, the covers of pewter, the wine inferior, and the chairs of wood. The soup was served. Proudhon made a little grimace of disappointment. Suddenly a door was thrown open, and a salon revealed, brilliantly lighted, and with a table elegantly served. The discontented philosopher was invited to take his next course in the true banquet hall amidst general hilarity, and the feast begun with soup and *vin ordinaire* terminated with Champagne. Now the old caterer has vanished, as well as many of his customers.

Artemis.

LOUIS AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

The recent election of M. Blanqui to the French Chamber as Deputy from Bordeaux shows that the spirit of fanaticism is by no means dead among the revolutionists of France. Blanqui's career shows him to be one of those determined advocates of anarchy and disorder the business of whose lives it is to connive at the overturning of all existing governments. An admirer of Voltaire, and a propagator of the most violent Socialist doctrines, he is entirely without the brilliant genius of the great prototype he desires to follow, and his schemes lack even the show of reason that occasionally mark those advanced by the class with which he is identified.

Blanqui's career as a political agitator began before he had fairly reached man's estate. He was born at Nice in 1805, the city being at that time included in the department of the "Alpes Maritimes." His first appearance in public was after the elections of 1827 in Paris, when the royal troops fired upon the populace in order to quell a transient political disturbance, and Blanqui was among the wounded. In 1830, while yet a student of law, he took up arms on the popular side against the rule of Charles X., and for his bravery and spirit afterward received the decoration of July. Under the government of Louis Philippe he prosecuted a fervent conflict, by means of pamphlets and articles in the liberal papers, against the bourgeoisie or trading classes. A member of the club called "La Société des Amis du Peuple," he became one of the most active propagators of the doctrines which led to the revolution of 1848. A discourse pronounced before this society in 1835 directed the attention of the government to him, when he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs.

For some months nothing more was heard of Blanqui, but suspicion again fell upon him in connection with the discharge of the infernal machine at the King by Fieschi. Blanqui was suspected of being implicated in the affair, and another sentence of two years' imprisonment was passed upon him, together with a fine of 300 francs. He was amnestied before the expiration of his term, but was forbidden to return to Paris. As soon as he was released he began the organization of an immense affiliated association, which, under the name of "La Société des Saisons" and "Les Montagnards," renewed the anti-monarchical propagandism. With Barbès and others he attempted a revolution at Paris in May, 1839. It failed, and Blanqui was seized and condemned to death; but again his sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. The revolution of 1848 freed him from his fetters, and he became a leader of the people. The insurrection of May 15 was organized by him, and at the head of a large body of delegates he marched to the hall of the National Assembly to inaugurate, if possible, a more effective government. He was overpowered by the troops under Changarnier, placed once more under arrest, and upon trial remanded to prison for ten years. He was released in 1859, but was sentenced again to four years' imprisonment in January, 1862. He appeared again as one of the active spirits in the violent agitations in favor of the Red Republic, which culminated in the Paris Commune of 1871.

Since this date Blanqui has passed his days in confinement, and at the time of his election was imprisoned at Clairvaux. Here he still remains, the French government having no intention of releasing him, in spite of the honors thrust upon him by the electors of Bordeaux. At Clairvaux he was visited by the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, who describes his appearance as follows: "He wore light sabots over dark socks, coffee-colored trousers, a coarse, unstarched linen shirt without collar, a knitted waistcoat buttoned at the neck, but with no other button, a silk skull-cap the worse for wear, from beneath which was a yellowish cotton handkerchief nearly covering his forehead, and some of the fringe of which was scarcely distinguishable from his thick white hair. Clutched in his trembling right hand was a small hatchet, which he had just used for chopping wood, and which he let go only toward the end of our interview. His physiognomy curiously supplemented this fanciful garb. His head is short at the lower part, broad toward the temples, and set off with a bristly white beard. His complexion is clear and rosy; his forehead broad, but low, and slightly compressed at the temples; his ears are rather delicate; his eyes long and fixed; his nose is thin at the top, broad and square below; his mouth wide, his lips red, and his expression, though sometimes lit up with an agreeable smile, usually shows a kind of cynical curiosity."

It is impossible to imagine what the electors of Bordeaux can have hoped for by their recent action in regard to Blanqui, unless it be a renewal of the agitation regarding him. He is an old man, and practically insane. Again, his health is so delicate from heart-disease that he is obliged to live only on fruits, vegetables, milk, and eggs. As regards his social theories, they are simply those of the fanatical revolutionist who desires to destroy every thing existing, without the first suggestion of a plan for reconstruction. The correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from Paris, sums up Blanqui's demands as follows: "It is impossible to get along with him without giving him all he wants, and all he wants is simply the abolition of poverty, misery, crime, inequality, luxury, ignorance, with one stroke of the pen. A stroke of the sword will do as well, but, whatever the implement, the operation must be performed *d'un coup*. You are to take the whole frame-work of society, put it into the melting-pot, pour it into a new mould, let it cool off, and you will have such a new earth that you need not trouble yourself about any new heavens."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 8.—Trinity-Sunday.
Wednesday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 15.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

The extreme ultramontanism of some of the French bishops will contribute greatly to the success of M. Ferry's Education Bill. Several have already given offense by asserting their right to disregard the proposed law if passed. In referring to recent speeches of the Archbishop of Aix, M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior, has stated that if the reports of them proved to be correct, he would be prosecuted. The minister represented the cabinet to be in entire accord on the new measures.

Some one has said that the "Company of Jesus" is a perpetual conspiracy against the state. This is the opinion of M. Ferry, the colleague of the Minister of the Interior. In his address to the Council-General of the Vosges he avowed that the especial object of his proposed law is to expel the Jesuits. "What we aim at alone," is his language, "are the non-authorized religious congregations, and among these—I proclaim it aloud—a congregation which is not only non-authorized, but is prohibited throughout our whole history—the Society of Jesus. Yes, gentlemen, it is from its clutches that we wish to rescue the soul of the French nation." Out of the Jesuit colleges, M. Ferry continued to say, comes that young generation at war with modern society, and which is seen "in the Catholic committees, in the tribune, in the press, in every battle-field of public life, with its flag of counter-revolution in its hand, raised against the liberal and republican flag of France. Judge of the masters by the pupils." In these passages of his address M. **FERRY** was tumultuously applauded by his audience.

The *Churchman*, of this city, announces the arrival of Bishop **NESTER**, of the Greek Church, on his way from St. Petersburg to Sitka. He has been recently appointed to that diocese, which contains 7000 adherents of the Greek faith. Bishop **NESTER** speaks English with fluency.

Three Presbyterian Assemblies met on Thursday, May 15—the Northern, at Saratoga Springs, the Southern, at Louisville, and the Cumberland, at Memphis. In the Northern Assembly a fraternal message to the other Assemblies was adopted. Fraternal relations between the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches have not been formally established, owing to a disagreement as to terms. It is, therefore, significant that friendly salutations are not omitted.

The Board of Home Missions in the Northern Assembly reported that its total receipts for the year were $292,579; of this sum $47,212 was derived from legacies. The board has under its direction 1202 missionaries, who organized 264 Sunday-schools and 136 churches in 1878. The increase of members in the home missions was 10,872; the total number of members is 66,415. The number of church edifices cared for by the board is 1052, valued at $2,849,375. Ninety-one churches, valued at $289,250, were built during the year.

The (Dutch) Reformed Church, which has 78,666 members only, has done well in promoting Christian charities during 1878. In that year the Board of Education received $21,541; the Board of Publication, $14,539; the Home Mission Board, $24,371; the Foreign Mission Board, $58,433; the Building Fund, $5695; the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, $4333. This is more than $1 50 per member.

Unquestionably the hope of a closer union of the Christians of the same creed in the North and the South is cherished by many thoughtful men. The Southern Baptist Convention, at Atlanta, gave expression to this hope in the following resolution: "That five brethren be appointed to bear to our Baptist brethren of the Northern States at their approaching anniversaries expressions of our fraternal regard, and assurances that while firmly holding to the wisdom and policy of preserving our separate organization, we are ready, as in the past, to co-operate cordially with them in promoting the cause of Christ in our own and foreign lands." Other resolutions proposing the consideration of plans of co-operation were offered, but stricken out by a vote of 174 to 68.

An illustration of the manner in which old and new civilizations now come into contact is furnished by the fact that **YUNG WING**, the Chinese Commissioner of Education in the United States, was in 1875 married to Miss **KELLOGG**, a granddaughter of a Congregational minister. The wedding took place in an old-fashioned New England parsonage. **YUNG WING** was the first Chinaman to enter Yale College, and graduated in 1854. In 1871 he was appointed the head of the Chinese Educational Commission in the United States; in all, 120 Chinese young men have been sent to our country for training under the care of the Commissioners. **YUNG WING** is now associate minister from the Chinese Empire to our national government.

The more accurate information upon the causes of the negro exodus which has now been obtained proves that it is not a sudden freak. To tell the truth, the negroes have been trying for several years to get away from the South. The scheme of migration to Africa was an effort to find a way of escape. Two ideas have taken deep root in their minds—one the desirableness of the possession of property, the other the value of the ballot. The several hundred who reached Kansas this spring have now obtained work as laborers. The colonies planted in that State several years ago are prosperous, and this fact will have influence on the minds of their brethren in the South. A Convention of colored men was held in Richmond, Virginia, on May 19, in which the following resolution was introduced: "That we recommend to our race throughout the State to organize themselves into emigration societies, for the purpose of leaving the State, provided our condition is not bettered by the authorities of the State." The discovery that the freedman can take his hat—or, rather, his fragment of a hat—and walk off, completely changes the situation for his oppressors.

Despite the ascendency of the Conservative party, the Liberation Society of England continues to put forth strenuous efforts to prepare public opinion for the separation of Church and state. During 1878 it spent £14,000, held 794 meetings, and circulated 3,140,000 publications. Mr. **SPURGEON** not being able to attend the recent anniversary, sent a letter, which contains the following sentence: "**CHRIST**'s Church must be free from **CÆSAR**'s interference, and that she can never be till she returns **CÆSAR**'s penny, which is at once the bribe of her virtue and the price of her liberty."

The book of Mr. **HENRY KIDDLE**, Superintendent of the City Public Schools, on *Spiritual Communications*, has not only led to surprised comment, but has been noticed by the Board of Education. At a meeting of the Board, held May 7, a resolution was offered declaring it to be his duty to resign. This was laid on the table by a vote of 13 to 6. Another resolution was offered giving Mr. **KIDDLE** leave of absence for six months, with continuance of salary. This was also laid on the table. It was deemed best to postpone action till the shock of surprise had passed away. The book is much ridiculed for the nonsense it puts into the mouths of the magnates of English literature. They who when living delighted and instructed mankind, now in the spirit world, according to Mr. **KIDDLE**'s revelations, talk the merest drivel.

In the United States the Baptist anniversaries are the last in the May series; in England they lead the van, coming just before the 1st of May.

The English Baptist Union, which includes Scotland and Ireland, at its meeting in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, reported that the denomination has now in Great Britain and Ireland 3451 chapels, with 1,028,000 sittings. The number of church members is 276,348—an increase for 1878 of 7512. There are 1879 pastors, and 2652 lay preachers. The increase of church accommodations in the year was 20,000. For home mission work the sum raised was £16,996. The English Baptists have established a mission in the upper part of the Congo River. Their exploring party, sent out last year, had a successful tour, and report the natives to be peaceably disposed. It is intended to place a small steamer on the upper river, and to reach Nyangwé, which is not far from Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika.

It is now clear that the excise laws of the State of New York, over which a Legislative battle is fought every year, are to remain unchanged in 1879. A bill intended to apply solely to the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Buffalo reached a third reading in the Assembly, but was recently defeated when put upon its final passage. The yeas were 53 and the nays 64.

Temperance legislation is so closely connected with the observance of the Christian Sunday that the two at present go into one record. Dr. **HOWARD CROSBY** has thrown himself, with his characteristic energy, into the effort to enforce the Sunday laws in Newark. At a meeting in that city held May 19 he pointed out the need not only of law officers and courts, but also "of voluntary societies, composed of men of high standing, for the prevention of crime and the enforcement of law." An effort is making to secure the better observance of Sunday in Cincinnati. The great awakening of public interest in this subject in England and Ireland will provoke fresh attention to it in the United States.

LEFT TO PERISH.

IT is a remarkable fact that only the Christian nations of the world provide hospitals and asylums for the sick and the infirm. Uncivilized men almost every where leave those enfeebled by age to perish, and in some countries children kill their parents, and parents their children, when from any cause they become helpless and dependent. Among our own Indians—except in tribes that are partially civilized—the women are badly treated. They are degraded and despised; and are made to do nearly all the heaviest and meanest kinds of labor. They till the earth, and bear all the burdens, as long as they are able, and then in some instances are cruelly turned out to die like worn-out horses. Our artist has sketched on page 445 one of these incidents of savage life in the far West. An old squaw whose days of usefulness are over has been abandoned by her wretched companions—among them, perhaps, her own husband and children—and left to die on the prairie. A few days will end all with her, and then the wolves and vultures, already instinctively forecasting her death, will feast upon her poor body, and leave her bones to bleach in the solitude of the wilderness. Let us hope that the day may speedily come when the spirit of Christianity shall pervade the world, and make such crimes impossible.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DURING the Paris Exhibition of 1878 a Congress was held composed of literary people from all parts of the world, and at that time were appointed the members of the International Literary Association, which has met semi-weekly in Paris for many months past. Victor Hugo is the honorary and Edmond About the acting president; and among the distinguished members are such as Berthold Auerbach, Ivan Tourguéneff, Jules Simon, Emilio Castelar, Blanchard Jerrold, etc. It has been a matter of regret in the association that a greater number of American authors and publishers have not been present at the regular meetings, and the hope is expressed that America will be well represented at the Literary Congress which will be held in London from June 9 to June 14 inclusive. The public sessions of the Congress will be in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in Piccadilly, and preparatory meetings will be held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society. Many important topics will be discussed, and the meetings are to be thoroughly international. The official report will be published in French, as accommodating the greatest number, but all languages may be spoken in the Congress. There is little doubt but that a large number of authors of international reputation will be present at the London Congress, and England will offer several honorary dinners to the members, and arrange excursions, etc., for them.

In these days the New York Post-office presents a singular scene. Such a crush of humanity has never before congregated there; sometimes, it is estimated, not less than six hundred surround the cashier's window, or attempt to do so. Some bring a lunch basket with them, and make themselves as comfortable as possible on the marble floor while waiting. Extra police officers are needed to repress the crowd at times, for all are eager to obtain some of the popular ten-dollar certificates.

At an exhibition of the pupils of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, given in this city not long ago, the exercises were mainly designed to illustrate the method of instruction by articulation, and also of reading from the lips. Questions asked in inaudible whispers were immediately understood by the pupils, who readily answered them audibly, the articulations in some cases being singularly distinct and perfect. The institution is now teaching 115 pupils, and accommodations are lacking for many applicants. A new building will probably be erected before long.

Thomas Jefferson's grave still remains in a neglected condition. A recent visitor to Monticello, Virginia, speaks of the spot as being the "most desolate of burial-places." The wall once surrounding the resting-place of the author of the Declaration of Independence has been torn down, and the gate lies prostrate. Jefferson's grave—there are several others of descendants and relatives—is marked by a rough granite monument, but the corners have been broken off. There is no name upon it, the plate which was evidently once inserted in the stone having been removed; but upon the base, in rude letters, is the date of his birth and death. The surrounding aspect is desolate. Congress recently appropriated $5000 to preserve the grave of Jefferson, the same to be expended when a title can be obtained; but thus far the progress has been slow, as the land belongs to many heirs, some of whom are reluctant to sign a deed, while others wish to reserve a right of burial.

The Chamber of Commerce has sent Mr. Cyrus W. Field and Mr. William H. Webb as delegates to the International Congress at Paris to promote the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Subscriptions have been opened to the stock of a company to be formed to lay a submarine cable from the Pacific coast to the Hawaiian islands and Japan. Mr. Field headed the list with a subscription of $100,000. A subscription of $1,000,000 is expected from the Hawaiian government.

A singular trial recently took place in the government of Saratoff, in Russia. Two peasants, named Tokareff and Kotchetkoff, were accused of obtaining money under false pretenses. They represented themselves to the simple-minded peasants of various villages as divine, or inspired by the Holy Ghost, and demanded money and various articles of value, declaring that the givers of these "offerings" would thus obtain pardon of sin, and eternal life. The chief impostor was sentenced by the court to repay to his dupes all the money received from them, and to serve fifteen months in the criminal companies of the Russian army.

Twelve thousand prisoners, with their families—probably about thirty thousand persons—are waiting at Nijnii-Novgorod to be sent off to Siberia as soon as the Volga is navigable.

The boys from the United States training-ship *Minnesota*—178 in number—will participate in the parade on Decoration-day, all dressed in full sailor costumes, with white straw hats and leggings.

At the recent term of the Supreme Court in Belfast, Maine, a Mrs. Fletcher, of Isleborough, was divorced from her husband. Divorces are so common that this one would attract no special notice were it not that Mrs. Fletcher claims to be a cousin of the Empress Josephine, Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife. Mrs. Fletcher's maiden name was Reine Elizabeth Chronier de Lassichere. She is a native of St. Peters, Martinique, where she married Captain Fletcher in 1873. Not long since, while at Isleborough, Mrs. Fletcher learned of her mother's sickness at Martinique, and left for that island. During her absence the captain sued for a bill of divorce on the plea of desertion, but failed to obtain a decree. On the return of Mrs. Fletcher, recently, she applied for and obtained a bill of divorce.

In these enlightened times it must be regarded as the grossest ignorance to consider corporal punishment proper treatment for the insane. The investigations of the insane asylum connected with the Onondaga County Poor-House have been too long delayed.

The tide of European travel is swelling from week to week; and there is no Paris Exhibition this year either.

The romance of a hair comes from Vienna. A poor girl with beautiful hair went to a barber to sell it. He tried to make a close bargain, saying hair was plentiful this year, and declared he could only give her eight florins. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut looks. Finally she threw herself into a chair and said, "Then take it quickly." The barber was about to cut off the fair tresses, when a gentleman sitting in one of the chairs interrupted him, and spoke to the girl.

"My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"

"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I can not work enough to support us. Every thing has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

"No, no, my child; if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he selected the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. This charitable gentleman is mentioned as the head of a large industrial establishment in Vienna.

Töplitz is rejoicing in the recovery of her springs, and an unusually good season is expected, the waters having gained in popularity by their temporary suspension. Many persons of distinction expect to visit Töplitz during the coming season, and an exhibition is to be held there to defray some of the heavy expenses incurred in "digging out" the springs.

A Massachusetts man—now living, to be sure, but who expects to die—has made a will in which he bequeaths one dollar to each man, woman, and child who attends his funeral.

"The best way," remarks an exchange, "to find out, at this season, whether you ought to carry an umbrella down town with you in the morning is to toss up a cent. The result will be just as reliable as if you spent half an hour straining your eyes and getting pains in your neck looking out of the window at the sky, and you will save yourself a series of exhausting mental efforts."

Rome is to have a new theatre, which will be one of the largest in Europe. The inside is to be lighted by electricity, and the whole cost of construction is estimated at ten millions of francs.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars. Father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

NOT SO FAR GONE.—At the breaking up of a tavern dinner party two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling to the first landing-place, the other rolling to the bottom. It was observed that the first seemed dead drunk. "Yes," said a wag, "but he's not so far gone as the gentleman below."

BEDAD!—In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the burd to roosht on!"

Beside a straw stack sat a tramp—
A jolly tramp, and wise—
Who, while he patched his tattered coat
Did thus soliloquize:

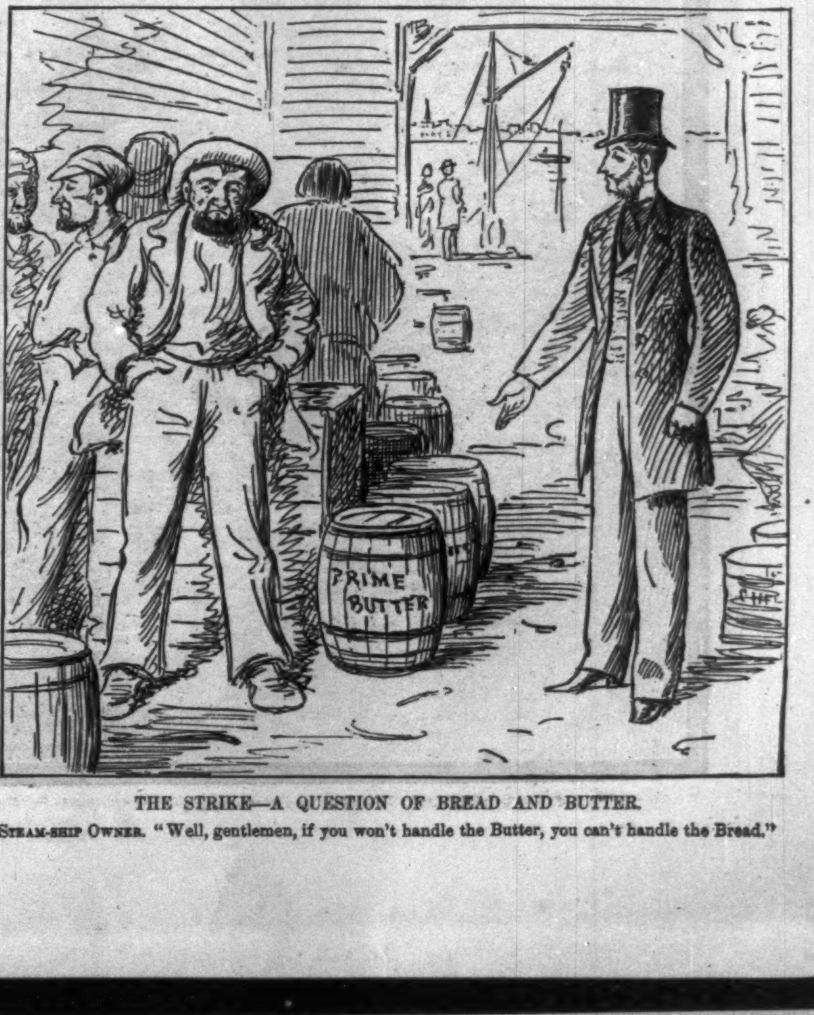
"It seems sew sad that my lone life
Doth ever downward tend,
And rags me into wretchedness;
But still I'm on the mend.

"And when I needle little cash,
I make no loud laments,
But by a straw stack sit me down,
And gather in my rents."

A man out West, who read that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

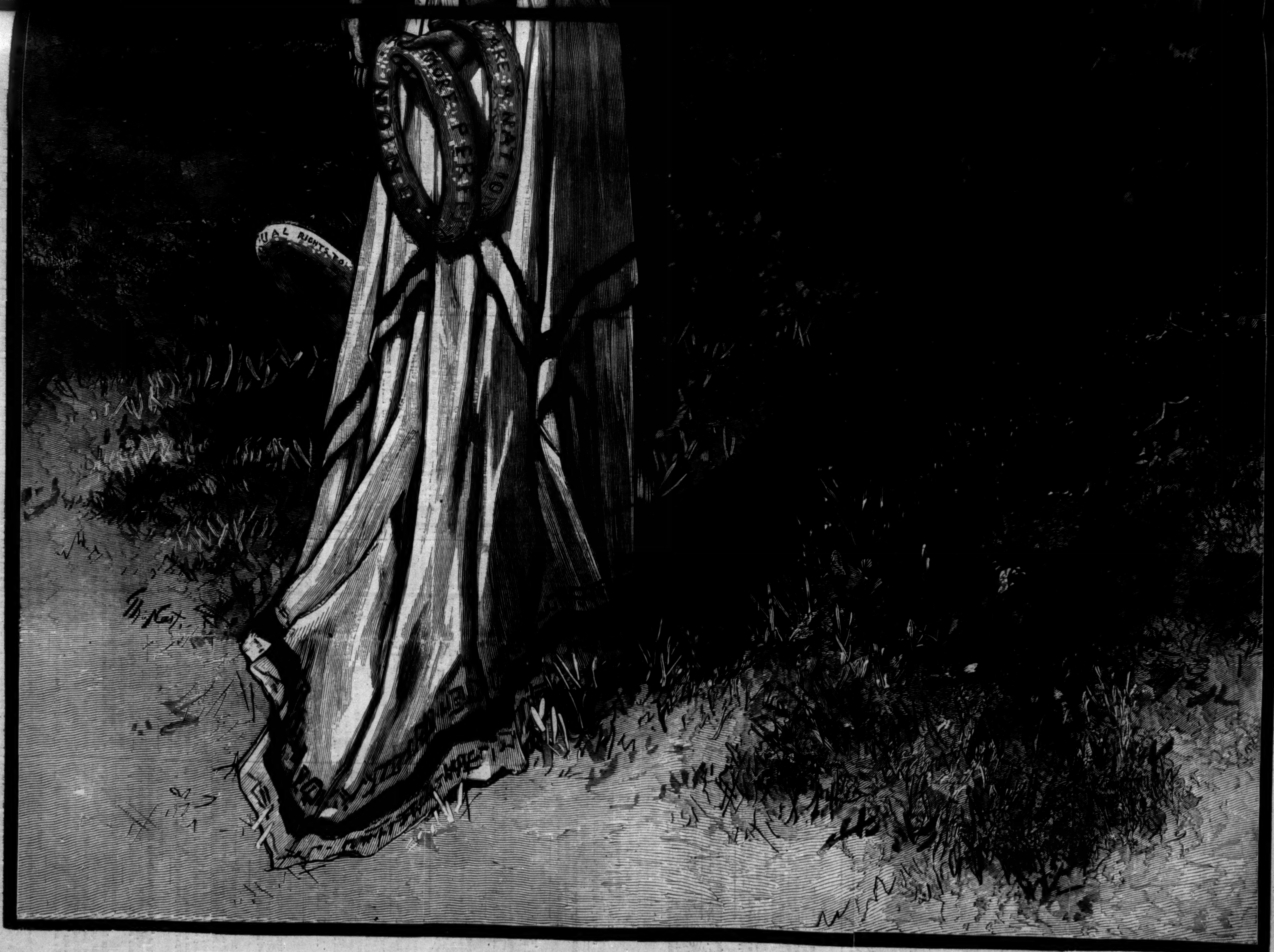
The best-natured man will get a trifle mad when his wife tells him that she made Ulsters for the boys out of his last winter's ear-muffs.

SOMETHING FOR THE POOR.—The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed round for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. A plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis-d'ors he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." She courtesied, and presented the plate again. "What!" said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, Sir," said she; "I now want something for the poor."



THE STRIKE—A QUESTION OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

STEAM-SHIP OWNER. "Well, gentlemen, if you won't handle the Butter, you can't handle the Bread."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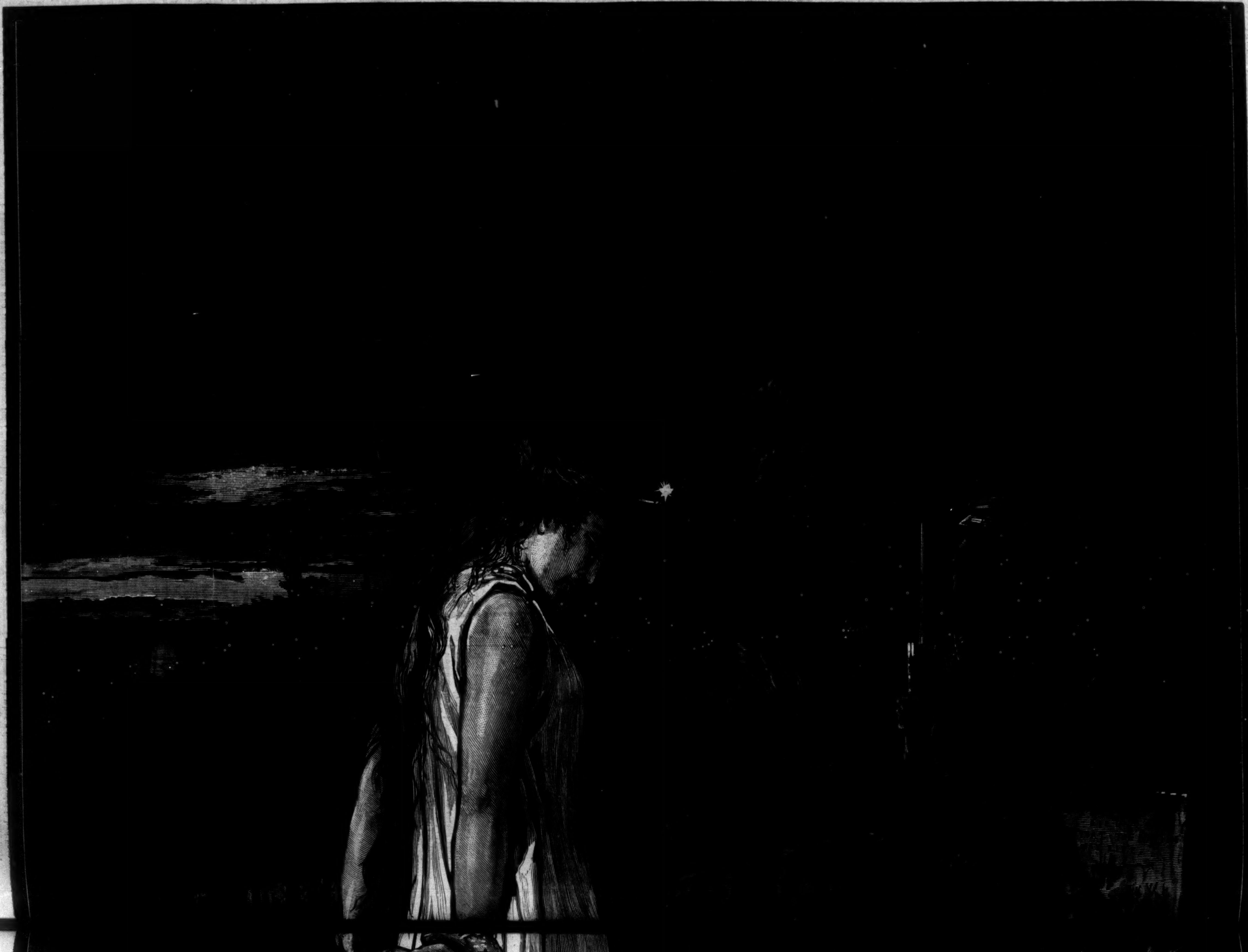
DECORATION-DAY.

The Spirit of the War. "No, no; it seems like mockery—now."



TWO FISHERS.

ONE morning, when Spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sun tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—*vice versa.*

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BLUE-BEARD CHAMBER.

THE day before the funeral Captain Carmichael received a letter from his step-daughter, offering to execute any deed he might choose to have prepared, settling upon him the income which his wife was to have had after Violet's majority.

"I know that you are a heavy loser by my mother's death," she wrote, "and I shall be glad to do any thing in my power to lessen that loss. I know well that it was her earnest wish that your future should be provided for. I told her a few days before she died that I should make you this offer. I do it with all my heart; and I shall consider myself obliged by your acceptance of it."

The captain's reply was brief and firm.

"I thank you for your generous offer," he said, "which I feel assured is made in good faith; but I think you ought to know that there are reasons why it is impossible I should accept any benefit from your hand. I shall not re-enter the Abbey House after my wife's funeral. You will be sole and sovereign mistress of all things from that hour."

He kept his word. He was chief mourner at the quiet but stately burial under the old yew-tree in Beechdale church-yard. When all was over, he got into a fly, and drove to the station at Lyndhurst Road, whence he departed by the first train for London. He told no one any thing about his plans for the future; he left no address but his club. He was next heard of, six months later, in South America.

Violet had telegraphed for her old governess directly after Mrs. Carmichael's death; and that good and homely person arrived on the day after the funeral, to take up her abode with her old pupil, as companion and chaperon, until Miss Tempest should have become Mrs. Vawdrey, and would have but one companion henceforward in all the journey of life. Rorie and Vixen were to be married in six months. Mrs. Carmichael had made them promise that her death should delay their marriage as little as possible.

"You can have a very quiet wedding, you know, dear," she said. "You can be married in your travelling dress—something pretty in gray silk and terry velvet, or with chinchilla trimming, if it should be winter. Chinchilla is so distinguished-looking. You will go abroad, I suppose, for your honey-moon. Pau, or Monaco, or any of those places on the Mediterranean."

It had pleased her to settle every thing for the lovers. Violet remembered all these speeches with a tender sorrow. There was comfort in the thought that her mother had loved her, according to her lights.

It had been finally settled between the lovers that they were to live at the Abbey House. Briarwood was to be let to any wealthy individual who might desire a handsome house, surrounded by exquisitely arranged gardens, and burdened with glass that would cost a small fortune annually to maintain. Before Mr. Vawdrey could put his property into the hands of the auctioneers, he received a private offer which was in every respect satisfactory.

Lady Mallow wished to spend some part of every year near her father and mother, who lived a good deal at Ashbourne, the duke becoming yearly more devoted to his Chillingham oxen and monster turnips. Lord Mallow, who loved his native isle to distraction, but always found six weeks in a year a sufficient period of residence there, was delighted to please his bride, and agreed to take Briarwood, furnished, on a seven years' lease. The orchid-houses were an irresistible attraction; and by this friendly arrangement Lady Mallow would profit by the alterations and improvements her cousin had made for her gratification when he believed she was to be his wife.

Briarwood thus disposed of, Rorie was free to consider the Abbey House his future home; and Violet had the happiness of knowing that the good old house in which her childhood had been spent would be her habitation always, till she, too, was carried to the family vault under the old yew-tree. There are people who languish for change, for whom the newest is ever the best; but it was not thus with Violet Tempest. The people she had known all her life, the scenes amidst which she had played when a child, were to her the dearest people and the loveliest scenes upon earth. It would be pleasant to her to travel with her husband, and see fair lands across the sea; but pleasanter still would be the home-coming to the familiar hearth beside which her father had sat, the old faces that had looked upon him, the hands that had served him, the gardens he had planted and improved.

"I should like to show you Briarwood before it is let, Vixen," Mr. Vawdrey said to his sweetheart one November morning. "You may at least pay my poor patrimony the compliment of looking at it before it becomes the property of Lord and Lady Mallow. Suppose you and Miss M'Croke drive over and drink tea with me this afternoon? I believe my housekeeper brews pretty good tea."

"Very well, Rorie, we'll come to tea. I should rather like to see the improvements you made for Lady Mabel, before your misfortune. I think Lord Mallow must consider it very good of you to let him have the benefit of all the money you spent, instead of bringing an action for breach of promise against his wife, as you might very well have done."

"I dare say. But you see I am of a forgiving temper. Well, I shall tell my housekeeper to have tea, and buns, and jam, and all the things children—and young ladies—like, at four o'clock. We had better make it four instead of five, as the afternoons are so short."

"If you are impertinent, we won't come."

"Oh yes, you will. Curiosity will bring you. Remember this will be your last chance of seeing the Blue-beard chamber at Briarwood."

"Is there a Blue-beard chamber?"

"Of course. Did you ever know of a family mansion without one?"

Vixen was delighted at the idea of exploring her lover's domain, now that he and it were her own property. How well she remembered going with her father to the meet on Briarwood lawn! Yet it seemed a century ago—the very beginning of her life—before she had known sorrow.

Miss M'Croke, who was ready to do any thing her pupil desired, was really pleased at the idea of seeing the interior of Briarwood.

"I have never been inside the doors, you know, dear," she said, "often as I have driven past the gates with your dear mamma. Lady Jane Vawdrey was not the kind of person to invite a governess to go and see her. She was a strict observer of the laws of caste. The duchess has much less pride."

"I don't think Lady Jane ever quite forgave herself for marrying a commoner," said Vixen. "She revenged her own weakness upon other people."

Violet had a new pair of ponies, which her lover had chosen for her, after vain endeavors to trace and recover the long-lost Titmouse. These she drove to Briarwood, Miss M'Croke resigning herself to the will of Providence with a blind submission worthy of a Moslem; feeling that if it were written that she was to be flung head-foremost out of a pony-carriage, the thing would happen sooner or later. Staying at home to-day would not ward off to-morrow's doom. So she took her place in the cushioned valley by Violet's side, and sat calm and still, while the ponies, warranted quiet to drive in single or double harness, stood up on end and made as if they had a fixed intention of scaling the rhododendron bank.

"They'll settle down directly I've taken the freshness out of them," said Vixen, blandly, as she administered a reproachful touch of the whip.

"I hope they will," replied Miss M'Croke; "but don't you think Bates ought to have seen the freshness taken out of them before we started?"

They were soon tearing along the smooth Roman road at a splendid pace, "the ponies going like clock-work," as Vixen remarked, approvingly; but poor Miss M'Croke thought that any clock which went as fast as those ponies would be deemed the maddest of time-keepers.

They found Roderick standing at his gates, waiting for them. There was a glorious fire in the amber and white drawing-room, a dainty tea-table drawn in front of the hearth, the easiest of chairs arranged on each side of the table, an urn hissing, Rorie's favorite pointer stretched upon the hearth, every thing cozy and home-like. Briarwood was not such a bad place, after all, Vixen thought. She could have contrived to be happy with Roderick even here; but of course the Abbey House was, in her mind, a hundred times better, being just the one perfect home in the world.

They all three sat round the fire, drinking tea, poured out by Vixen, who played the mistress of the house sweetly. They talked of old times, sometimes sadly, sometimes sportively, glancing swiftly from one old memory to another. All Rorie's tiresome ways, all Vixen's mischievous tricks, were remembered.

"I think I led you a life in those days, didn't I, Rorie?" asked Vixen, leaving the tea-tray, and stealing softly behind her lover's chair to lean over his shoulder caressingly, and pull his thick brown beard. "There is nothing so delightful as to torment the person one loves best in the world. Oh, Rorie, I mean to lead you a life by-and-by!"

"Dearest, the life you lead me must needs be sweet, for it will be spent with you."

After tea they set out upon a round of inspection, and admired the new morning-room that had been devised for Lady Mabel, in the very latest style of Dutch Renaissance—walls the color of muddy water, glorified ginger jars, ebonized chairs and tables, and willow-pattern plates all round the cornice; curtains mud-color, with a medieval design in dirty yellow, or, in upholsterers' language, "old gold."

"I should like to show you the stables before it is quite dark," said Rorie, presently. "I made a few slight improvements there while the builders were about."

"You know I have a weakness for stables," answered Vixen. "How many a lecture I used to get from poor mamma about my unfortunate tastes! But can there be any thing in the world nicer than a good old-fashioned stable, smelling of clover and newly cut hay?"

"Stables are very nice indeed, and very useful, in their proper place," remarked Miss M'Croke, sententiously.

"But one ought not to bring the stables into the drawing room," said Vixen, gravely. "Come, Rorie, let us see your latest improvements in stable-gear."

They all went out to the stone-paved quadrangle, which was as neatly kept as a West End livery-yard. Miss M'Croke had an ever-present dread of the ubiquitous hind-legs of strange horses, but she followed her charge into the stable with the same heroic fidelity with which she would have followed her to the scaffold or the stake.

There were all Rorie's old favorites—Starlight Bess, with her shining brown coat, and one white stocking; Blue Peter, broad-chested, well-ribbed, and strong of limb; Pixie, the gray Arab mare, which Lady Jane used to drive in a park phaeton—quite an ancient lady; Donald, the iron-sinewed hunter.

Vixen knew them all, and went up to them and patted their graceful heads, and made herself at home with them.

"You are all coming to the Abbey House to live, you dear things," she said, delightedly.

There was a loose box, shut off by a five-foot wainscot partition, surmounted by a waved iron rail, at one end of the stable, and on approaching this inclosure Vixen was saluted with sundry grunts and snorting noises, which seemed curiously familiar.

At the sound of these she stopped short, turned red and then pale, and looked intently at Rorie, who was standing close by, smiling at her.

"That is my Blue-beard chamber," he said, gayly. "There's something too awful inside."

"What horse have you got there?" cried Vixen, eagerly.

"A horse that I think will carry you nicely, when we hunt together."

"What horse? Have I ever seen him? Do I know him?"

The grunts and snortings were continued with a crescendo movement; an eager nose was rattling the latch of the door that shut off the loose box.

"If you have a good memory for old friends, I think you will know this one," said Rorie, withdrawing a bolt.

A head pushed open the door, and in another moment Vixen's arms were round her old favorite's sleek neck, and the velvet nostrils were sniffing her hair and cheek in most loving recognition.

"You dear, dear old fellow!" cried Vixen; and then, turning to Rorie, "You told me he was sold at Tattersall's!" she exclaimed.

"So he was, and I bought him."

"Why did not you tell me that?"

"Because you did not ask me."

"I thought you so unkind, so indifferent about him."

"You were unkind when you could think it possible I should let your favorite horse fall into strange hands. But perhaps you would rather Lord Mallow had bought him?"

"To think that you should have kept the secret all this time!" said Vixen.

"You see I am not a woman, and can keep a secret. I wanted to have one little surprise for you, as a reward when you had been especially good."

"You are good," she said, standing on tiptoe to kiss him. "And though I have loved you all my life, I don't think I have loved you the least little bit too much."

EPILOGUE.

VIXEN and Rorie were married in the spring, when the forest glades were yellow with primroses, the mossy banks blue with violets, and the cuckoo was heard with monotonous iteration from sunrise to sundown. They were married in the little village church at Beechdale, and Mrs. Scobel declared that Miss Tempest's wedding was the prettiest that ever had been solemnized in that small Gothic temple. Never, perhaps, even at Easter-tide, had been seen such a wealth of spring blossoms, the wildlings of the woods and hills. The duchess had offered the contents of her hot-houses, Lady Ellangowan had offered wagon-loads of azaleas and camellias, but Vixen had refused them all. She would allow no decorations but the wild flowers which the school-children could gather. Primroses, violets, blue-bells, the firstlings of the fern tribe, cowslips, and all the tribe of innocent forest blossoms, with their quaint rustic names, most of them as old as Shakspeare.

It was a very quiet wedding. Vixen would have no one present except the Scobels, Miss M'Croke, her two bridemaids, and Sir Henry Tolmash, an old friend of her father, who was to give her away. He was a white-haired old man, who had given his latter days up to farming, and had not a thought above turnips and top-dressing; but Violet honored him, because he had been her father's oldest friend. For bridemaids she had Colonel Carteret's daughters, a brace of harmless young ladies, whose conversation was as stereotyped as a French and English vocabulary, but who dressed well and looked pretty.

There was no display of wedding gifts, no ceremonious wedding breakfast. Vixen remembered the wedding feast at her mother's second marriage, and what a dreary ceremonial it had been.

The bride wore her gray silk travelling dress, with gray hat and feather, and she and her husband went straight from the church to the railway station, on their way to untrodden paths in the Engadine, whence they were to return at no appointed time.

"We are coming back when we are tired of mountain scenery and of each other," Violet told Mrs. Scobel in the church porch.

"That will be never!" exclaimed Rorie, looking ineffably happy, but not very much like a bridegroom, in his comfortable gray suit. "You might just as well say that we are going to live among the mountains as long as Rip Van Winkle. No, Mrs. Scobel, we are not going to remain away from you fifty years. We are coming back in time for the hunting."

Then came kissing and hand-shaking, a shower of violets and primroses upon the narrow church-yard path, a hearty huzza from the assembled village, all clustered about the oaken gate posts. The envious carriage door shut in bride and bridegroom, the coachman touched his horses, and they were gone up the hill, out of the peaceful valley, to Lyndhurst and the railway.

"How dreadfully I shall miss them!" said Mrs. Scobel, who had spent much of her leisure with the lovers. "They are both so full of life and brightness!"

"They are young and happy," said her husband, quietly. "Who would not miss youth and happiness?"

When the first frosts had seared the beeches to a fiery red, and the berries were bright on the hawthorns, and the latest bloom of the heather had faded on hill and plain, and the happy pigs had devoured all the beech-nuts, Mr. Vawdrey and his wife came back from their exploration of Alpine snows and peaceful Swiss villages, to the good old Abbey House. Their six months' honey-moon had been all gladness. They were the veriest boy and girl husband and wife who had ever trodden those beaten tracks. They teased each other, and quarrelled, and made friends again like children, and were altogether happy. And now they came back to the Forest, bronzed by many a long day's sunshine, and glowing with health and high spirits. The glass of Time seemed to be turned backward at the Abbey House; for all the old servants came back, and white-haired old Bates ruled in the well-filled stables, and all things were as in the dead-and-gone squire's time.

Among Roderick's wedding gifts was one from Lord Mallow—Bullfinch, the best horse in that nobleman's stable.

"I know your wife would like you to have her father's favorite hunter," wrote Lord Mallow. "Tell her that he has never been sick or sorry since he has been in my stable, and that I have always taken particular care of him, for her sake."

Among Violet's presents was a diamond bracelet from Lady Mallow, accompanied by a very cordial letter; and almost the first visit that the Vawdreys received after they came home was from Lord and Lady Mallow. The first great dinner to which they were bidden was at Briarwood, where it seemed a curious thing for Rorie to go as a guest.

Matrimony with the man of her choice had wondrously improved Mabel Ashbourne. She was less self-sufficient and more conciliating. Her ambition, hitherto confined to the desire to excel all other women in her own person, had assumed a less selfish form. She was now only ambitious for her husband; greedy of Parliamentary fame for him; full of large hopes about the future of Ireland. She looked forward complacently to the day when she and Lord Mallow would be reigning at Dublin Castle, and when Hibernian arts and industries would revive and flourish under her fostering care. Pending that happy state of things, she wore Irish poplin and Irish lace, Irish stockings and Irish linen. She attended Her Majesty's Drawing-room on St. Patrick's Day, with a sprig of real shamrock—sent her by one of her husband's tenantry—among the diamonds that sparkled on her bosom. She was more intensely Irish than the children of the soil; just as converts to Romanism are ever more severely Roman than those born and nurtured in the faith.

Her husband was intensely proud of his wife, and of his alliance with the house of Ashbourne. The duke, at first inclined to resent the scandal of an elopement, and the slight offered to his favorite Rorie, speedily reconciled himself to a marriage which was more materially advantageous than the cousinly alliance.

"I should like Rorie to have had Ashbourne," he said, mournfully. "I think he would have kept up my breed of Chillingham cattle. Mallow's a good fellow, but he knows nothing about farming. He'll never spend enough money on manure to maintain the soil at its present producing power. The grasp of his mind isn't large enough to allow him to sink his money in manuring his land. He would be wanting to see an immediate result."

As time went on the duke became more and more devoted to his farm. His Scottish castle delighted him not, nor the grand old place in the Midlands. Ashbourne, which was the pleasure-dome he had built for himself, contained all he cared about. Too heavy and too lazy to hunt, he was able to jog about his farm, and supervise the work that was going on, to the smallest detail. There was not a foot of drain-pipe or a bit of thatch renewed on the whole estate, without the duke having a finger in the pie. He bred fat oxen and prize cart-horses, and made a great figure at all the cattle-shows, and was happy. The duchess, who had never believed her paragon capable of wrong-doing, had been infinitely shocked by Lady Mabel's desperate course; but it was not in her nature to be angry with that idolized daughter. She very soon came back to her original idea, that whatever Mabel Ashbourne did was right. And then the marriage was so thoroughly happy, and the world gladly forgives a scandal that ends so pleasantly.

So Lord and Lady Mallow go their way—honored, beloved, very active in good works—and the pleasant valleys around Mallow are dotted with red brick school-houses, and the old stone hovels are giving place to model cottages, and native industries receive all possible encouragement from the owner of the soil; and afar off, in the coming years, the glories of Dublin Castle shine like the pole-star that guides the wanderer on his way.

In one thing only has Lady Mallow been false to the promise of her girlhood. She has not achieved success as a poet. The duchess wonders vaguely at this, for though she had often found it difficult to keep awake during the rehearsal of her daughter's verses, she had a fixed belief in the excellence of those efforts of genius. The secret of Lady Mallow's silence rests between her husband and herself; and it is just possible that some too candid avowal of Lord Mallow's may be the reason of her poetic sterility. It is one thing to call the lady of one's choice a tenth Muse before marriage, and another thing to foster a self-delusion in one's wife which can hardly fail to become a discordant element in domestic life. "If your genius had developed, and you had won popularity as a poet, I should have lost a perfect wife," Lord Mallow told Mabel, when he wanted to put things pleasantly. "Literature has lost a star; but I have gained the noblest and sweetest companion Providence ever bestowed upon man." Lady Mallow has not degenerated into feminine humdrum. She assists in the composition of her husband's political pamphlets, which bristle with lines from Euripides, and noble thoughts from the German poets. She writes a good many of his letters, and is altogether his second self.

While the Irishman and his wife pursue their distinguished career, Rorie and Vixen live the life they love, in the Forest where they were born, dispensing happiness within a narrow circle, but dearly loved wheresoever they are known; and the old men and women in the scattered villages round about the Abbey House rejoice in the good old times that have come again; just as hearty pleasure-loving England was glad when the stern rule of the Protector and his crop-headed saints gave place to the reign of the Merry King.

From afar there comes news of Captain Carmichael, who has married a Jewish lady at Frankfort, only daughter and heiress of a well-known money-lender. The bride is reported ugly and illiterate, but there is no doubt as to her fortune. The captain has bought a villa at Monaco—a villa in the midst of orange groves, the abandoned plaything of an Austrian princess; and he has hired an apartment in one of the new avenues, just outside the Arc de Triomphe, where, as his friends anticipate, he will live in grand style, and receive the pleasantest people in Paris. He, too, is happy after his kind, and has won the twenty-thousand-pound prize in the lottery of life; but it is altogether a different kind of happiness from the simple and unalloyed delight of Rorie and Vixen, in their home among the beechen woods whose foliage sheltered them when they were children.

THE END.

EGYPT.

Egypt, to the people of Western Europe, has been the most important of all their teachers. Its arts, arms, cultivation, progress, have been transmitted to Greece, Italy, Germany, America. It is singularly startling to notice how thoroughly Egyptian is much of the science and learning of the West. The lever that propels the infinite world of machinery, the water-mill, the hydraulic screw, the papyrus on which were transcribed Homer, Herodotus, Virgil, the first germs of painting—the variation of colors—perhaps the arts of weaving and dyeing, agriculture, architecture, ship-building, canals, irrigation, the garden, the villa, were imitated or adopted from Egypt in Greece, the gifts to Europe of the rich land that sprang up from the ceaseless deposits of the Nile. From the central chain of the mountains of Africa, where its great lakes have slept hidden for ages until the recent discoveries of Speke and Livingstone, the Father of Rivers has brought down the rich soil that covers the African desert, and made Egypt the home of a swarming and industrious population. Amidst its rich marshes and mud the ancients believed man first arose, and from its boundless fertility it might well be fancied that any form of being could burst into life. At least within its borders, in the dawn of sacred history, Joseph found a rich and populous land, and Moses bore away the revelation that was to enchain all future generations of men from its venerable shore. Religion, like science, seems to have found a home in Egypt. Yet it is remarkable that the Mosaic faith has borrowed nothing from the Egyptian superstitions, and that the dark ferryman, the black lake, the weeping shades of Hades, were chiefly appropriated by the poetic teachers of Greece and Rome.

Yearly renewed and yearly threatened with ruin, the sport of the swelling river and Lake Nyanza, sometimes teeming with abundance, and then starved and almost depopulated by the angry Nile, the land of Egypt was plainly the first, the earliest source of the civilization of the West. Even before the discoveries of Champollion and Young it was known that there was a time when the land of Pharaoh was the only cultivated part of the Western world, when all Europe was a savage waste, tenanted by the reindeer and the Esquimau, and the wandering sheiks of the desert were the ancestors of Moses and the prophets. The story of this flourishing period of its history was written by Egyptian scholars on papyrus, in sculpture, and inscriptions on tombs, temples, palaces, in the alphabet of the priests, in hieroglyphics, and later in the cursive demotic character; but no one was able to read it, and the extensive literature of Egypt seemed hidden in perpetual night. It has been one of the wonderful labors of the present century to unfold this mystery. Amidst telegraphs and railways, photographs, the sun lines, the inventions, the explorations of the age, the modern has been put into a closer intercourse with Egyptian thought than were ever Herodotus and the Ptolemies, and the thrill of wonder that followed the first imperfect labors of Champollion has yet scarcely died away. In 1822 Champollion produced his first work, and in 1836 printed his wonderful Egyptian grammar. We are already overburdened with an infinite series of valuable researches into the language of the Pharaohs and the priests. Fifty years of study have completely unfolded even the grammatical construction and the rare niceties of the three forms of Egyptian writing. The curiosity of Western Europe has been turned to the source of its own civilization with instinctive ardor. The Nile has become the pathway of travel and research; scholars, almost as if by an impulse of destiny, go back to the rare literature of the land of Pharaoh. They find satire, novels, history, morality, richly blended in the papyrus manuscripts, the tale of Ali Baba almost reproduced in the reign of Thothmes III., or the wandering princes of the *Thousand Nights* preceded in the novels of the twelfth dynasty. But the chief marvel of Egyptian research is the complete recovery of the manners and daily life of its people. This lost, fallen race, so long dead to the world and to history, forgotten amidst the cruel energy of its conquerors, has within the last half century been made more familiar to us than its polished imitators of Athens and Rome.

Wilkinson's work, of which a new edition has just been published, is still the most complete account of the ancient Egyptians, a rare and unrivalled picture of the minute details of their daily lives.[1] Thebes and Memphis are once more repeopled with their busy population, and it is easily discovered whence London and New York have borrowed many of the arts of living. Here, in Egypt, four thousand years ago, the comfortable, well-beneficed clergymen engrossed all the learning of the time, were the guardians of the knowledge of life and death, valued themselves upon their erudition and their spotless lives. The priests of Osiris set an admirable example to their countrymen; they practiced virtue; their neatness in dress and conduct was excessive; four times they bathed themselves within twenty-four hours, and their spotless robes reflected the ceaseless care of diligent attendants. The graceful, hospitable priest in the romance of Heliodoros is a Vicar of Wakefield in a statelier form. Here on the Nile the modern villa was anticipated, and Athens and Rome imitated the trim gardens, beds of flowers, winding walks, and friendly shade of the Egyptian country home; the house was painted with various colors; the grounds, often extensive, were adorned with ponds, tanks, canals, groves. The landscape on the Nile commanded a view perhaps of Karnac, and the stately procession of boats and war-ships that filled all the tranquil river. It is difficult to see in what the mode of living at Memphis was inferior to that of New York. The comfortable citizen was surrounded by all the conveniences of modern life. A perpetual stream of living water flowed before him; his market was supplied with all the fruits and luxuries of the East; fowl, fish, meat, bacon, smoked upon his hearth; the purest and most healthful wines came from the vineyards of Mareotis. His rooms were furnished with sofas, chairs, lounges; a carpet of linen tapestry may have covered his floor; his table glittered with goblets and utensils of the purest glass. His wife was adorned with jewelry of the most difficult workmanship, and clad in embroidered robes beyond emulation. Egypt exported its manufactures with immense profit. The England of the East, it conquered all its neighbors; its arms were invincible, and four thousand years ago it taught mankind the various arts of cultivated life.

All this passed away, and after a reign of thousands of years its glory was decayed. Cambyses, 525 B.C., conquered it; Alexander, two centuries later; the Ptolemies ruled in the halls of Rameses; the Romans invaded and held the realm of Cleopatra; the Greek, the Moslem, followed; Crusaders, Turk, Napoleon in the sanguinary dream of conquest. The isolation of Egypt has been invaded by a succession of races, and the subjects of the Pharaohs are forgotten in their ancient seat. The long lines of painted chambers, the rolls of papyrus, the wonders of Karnac, the splendor of Luxor, inform us, through the researches of the learned, that in Egypt we stand at the very source of ancient progress, that our barbarous ancestors were only the pupils of the Egyptians, that the men of learning in Egypt taught mathematics, astronomy, architecture, neatness, politeness, grace—perhaps invented them—and that the priests of Osiris were the precursors of an Everett or a Cicero. Egyptians built the first canal that cut the Isthmus of Suez, practiced navigation, sent out exploring expeditions around Africa, taught the study of nature, and planned the measurement of the globe. The love of nature and of flowers was their ruling taste. The visitor when he entered a house was presented with a bunch of flowers; the gardens teemed with them; the delicate lotus sent its faint fragrance every where; at table the guests were weighed down with chaplets of flowers, and wreaths and festoons were hung upon the walls. The dark and copper-colored race seemed to feel the tenderness of a Shakspeare or a Wordsworth in the presence of the first blossoms of spring. It is these varying traits of delicacy and of energy that made the Egyptians the school-masters of the West.

Nothing is more curious than that they should have invented, or perhaps adopted from the farther East, most of the conveniences of modern life. It is suggested that India taught Egypt, or possibly China. But the inventions of the Egyptians have nearly all an originality that separates them from those of other lands. Their papyrus was wholly their own, their earlier alphabet, their literature and painting. Shut up in their narrow border of fertile land along the sacred river, repelling all close intercourse with the barbarians without, distinguished from them in dress, manner, religion, crowded together in populous cities, the Egyptians seem to have reached instinctively a degree of skill in manufactures and the arts that was due to a long and laborious period of cultivation. For thousands of years they slowly perfected their inventions. One of them was the careful treatment of glass. They melted it into bottles and vases of rare beauty, colored it to resemble the emerald and the ruby. They made beautiful mosaics, enamels, rare combinations that even the Venetian artists have failed to equal, and discovered processes of coloring and moulding that have been lost apparently forever. Egyptian glass-ware was exported to all parts of the Mediterranean. They built monstrous statues of glass, resembling emeralds, sixty feet high; they cut the most delicate enamels by the aid of a lens. Mentally they were not surpassed by the modern in the pursuit of ideal purity; justice, verity, were the chief virtues of the Egyptians; the Chief Justice of Egypt, when he sat in judgment, wore on his breast a golden image of Truth; one Egyptian king even abolished capital punishment, but seems to have stood almost alone.

Recent events have brought Egypt once more into the circle of nations, and the land of Pharaoh and Joseph promises to become the pathway of the commerce of the East. Its management and safe-keeping must fall apparently into the hands of England, and form a large part of that extensive responsibility for the welfare of distant countries imposed upon the English by the conquest of India. The Anglo-Saxon race more than any other is interested in the fate of modern Egypt; the Suez Canal is the outlet for the trade of London and Bombay. France has a sentimental, a scientific part in the care of the land of Pharaoh; but if India is to be preserved, the possession of Egypt is to England a necessity. The distant, unprofitable conquest brings with it a defensive frontier that may well tax the energy of the English race. But at whatever cost to Europe, Egypt must once more take its place among nations. The Nile must become the pathway to that wonderful region just discovered by Stanley and Speke. Steamers will sail by Luxor and Karnac, bearing immigration and traffic to the heart of Africa. Egypt may once more produce its rare works of art, its priceless gems and embroidery, and Egyptian scholars cultivate anew the sciences and the virtues they first taught mankind.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Not for several years has there been so much promise of obtaining valuable information in regard to the physics and natural history of the waters adjacent to North America as at the present time. Quite a number of important enterprises are on foot, giving augury of desirable results. The United States sloop of war *Jamestown* has been ordered from San Francisco to Sitka to relieve the *Alaska*, and to remain there as long as her services are required. She is in charge of Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N., well known in scientific circles from having been in command for four seasons of the steamer detailed by the Navy Department for the service of the United States Fish Commission. Thus he commanded the *Blue Light* in 1873 at Portland, in 1874 at Noank, and in 1875 at Wood's Hole, and the *Speedwell*, at Gloucester, in 1878. The interest manifested by him in scientific work, outside of his own department, is an augury of the valuable results that may be looked for while he is engaged in his new field of duty. The *Jamestown* will leave San Francisco early in May.

For the purpose of protecting the Alaska Commercial Company in the privileges for which it pays a heavy annual rent to the United States government, and to prevent infractions of the revenue by the illegitimate sale of arms and spirits to the natives, the United States revenue cutter *Rush* has also been ordered to Alaska, to cruise in waters farther north than those to which the *Jamestown* has been assigned, especially at the Pribylov or Fur-seal Islands. She will have as her surgeon Dr. Robert White, of the Marine Hospital service, an accomplished microscopist and a good naturalist, who will use whatever opportunities may present themselves in making observations in regard to the natural history and ethnology of the country.

By far the most important of these expeditions, however, in view of the longer period of service and the more northern field that it covers, is that of the *Jeannette*, the vessel of which mention has already been made in these columns. This, as is well known, is the *Pandora* of Mr. Young, purchased by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and refitted in the most substantial manner. She has been made as stout as iron and wood can make her, her bow being a solid mass of wood ten feet thick, her sides about twenty-four inches thick. She is a three-masted screw-steamer, about 140 feet long, and 400 tons burden, with a poop cabin, and drawing about thirteen feet of water when fully loaded. Nothing has been omitted in her construction and equipment to fit her for encountering the arctic ice. She is in command of Lieutenant De Long, United States navy, an officer well known from his having had command of the *Tigress*, the vessel sent up in search of the *Polaris* party. The vessel was fitted out in England, and showed admirable sailing qualities on her trip around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where she is now receiving her final touches.

It is expected that a competent naturalist will accompany the *Jeannette*, and that every thing possible will be done to make exhaustive collections of the varied natural history of the arctic seas. The first object of the vessel will be to search for Professor Nördenskjold, and bring succor to him if required. This will involve a minute investigation of the coast of Northeastern Siberia, the natural history of which is very little known.

After the completion of this service the mythical Wrangel Land of Captain Long, or the Kellett Land of the British authorities, will be searched for, and, if found, a landing will be effected upon it, where many interesting discoveries are expected.

After this, the original objects of the expedition will be aimed at, namely, penetrating poleward to the highest possible latitude.

Messrs. Morrison and Brown are, it is understood, about sending a vessel to the northern part of America for the purpose of carrying provisions and supplies to the expedition sent out by them a year ago, under command of Lieutenant Schwatka, and also to search for the relics of the Sir John Franklin party.

James Nichols, late Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Aberdeen, died in April last, after holding this position for twenty-six years.

Sir Anthony Panizzi, formerly principal librarian of the British Museum, died on the 8th of April, at the age of eighty-two.

The *Bulletin of Public Health*, issued from the office of the United States Marine Hospital Service, has lately made its appearance in a new form, the observations being printed in type instead of being executed by the Edison electric pen. The new form is an improvement upon the old. Few persons are aware of the interest and value of this bulletin, which contains reports of the weekly mortality in all the principal cities of the United States, with special notes upon any particular outbreak of disease.

Bichromate of potash is recommended by De Plessis for the preservation of delicate marine organisms, such as jelly-fish, etc. The development of mould in the solution is to be prevented by the addition of a few drops of salicylic or carbolic acid. Permanganate of potash is also recommended as equal to osmic acid in its effects, and as being much less costly and dangerous. The solution used should be saturated, and the specimens kept in it from half an hour to an hour, and then withdrawn and placed in alcohol.

It is well known that a species of minute crustacean of the genus *Mysis*, found in the waters of the Great Lakes at a certain depth, is not distinguishable from a common form found on the Atlantic coast, which serves very largely as the food of the herring, mackerel, and other fishes. It is now announced that specimens of this mysis have been found in Lake Erie with the body covered with marine protozoa—an interesting fact in connection with the statement of Professor Smith that marine forms of diatoms occur in the waters of the lakes.

The very great inconvenience as well as injury, both to health and to property, caused by the various species of insects, has produced numerous applications and many suggestions for relief; and in the opinion of Dr. Hagen, an eminent naturalist connected with the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, a device which has rarely, if ever, been put in operation promises greater relief than any thing else at our command. He calls attention to the fact that in nearly all cases of extensive annoyance from insects, as from certain species of house-flies, gnats, caterpillars, etc., an effectual remedy is found in the spontaneous development of a fungous disease, which, rapidly extending among these pests, in a short time destroys them.

As a historical fact, he mentions that in Germany, in 1867, a positive plague of flies and caterpillars occurred, the latter of which destroyed in that year property in the pine forests worth millions of dollars, when suddenly the destruction was brought to an end by a general development of a fungus. Again, several years ago, in Massachusetts, Mr. Trouvelot was engaged in raising a certain species of silk-worm, and when his experiments were in apparently successful progress, a fungus developed itself, and destroyed the caterpillars of every kind over an area of twelve acres.

A similar disease, known as muscadine, has repeatedly destroyed the hopes of silk-culturists, and not long since the same kind of epizootic killed all the bees in Brazil.

In commenting upon this subject, Dr. Hagen refers to certain experiments of Dr. Bail, of Germany, tending to prove that the yeast fungus, if not identical with that which kills insects in the manner referred to, has at least precisely the same effect upon them. The experiment was actually made of using the fungus of the house-fly on the mash of beer; this developing the yeast plant, and the beer produced was pronounced to be precisely identical with that procured in the ordinary way. Dr. Bail, indeed, maintains that the fungus of the house-fly and other insects, the common mould on the yeast fungus, and the *Peronospora* fungus, so destructive to fishes and other aquatic animals, are all of one and the same species.

The suggestion of Dr. Hagen, therefore, is to apply beer mash or diluted yeast to plants infested by aphides or other pests with a syringe or sprinkler, and to set saucers containing it in suitable positions in the house where flies, cockroaches, and other insects can reach it. He even thinks it may be expedient and feasible to make a trial in the case of the grasshopper. He thinks that when the precise time and mode of application and the quantity to be used are well understood, which can be ascertained by suitable experiments, we shall have in this device the means of counteracting with more certainty than by any other the development and ravages of many of the most destructive insects of our day. The doctor maintains that this is not mere theory or guess-work, but an application of a remedy provided by nature to keep insects within bounds. What effect any inordinate extension of the spores of this fungus might have upon human life has not been ascertained.

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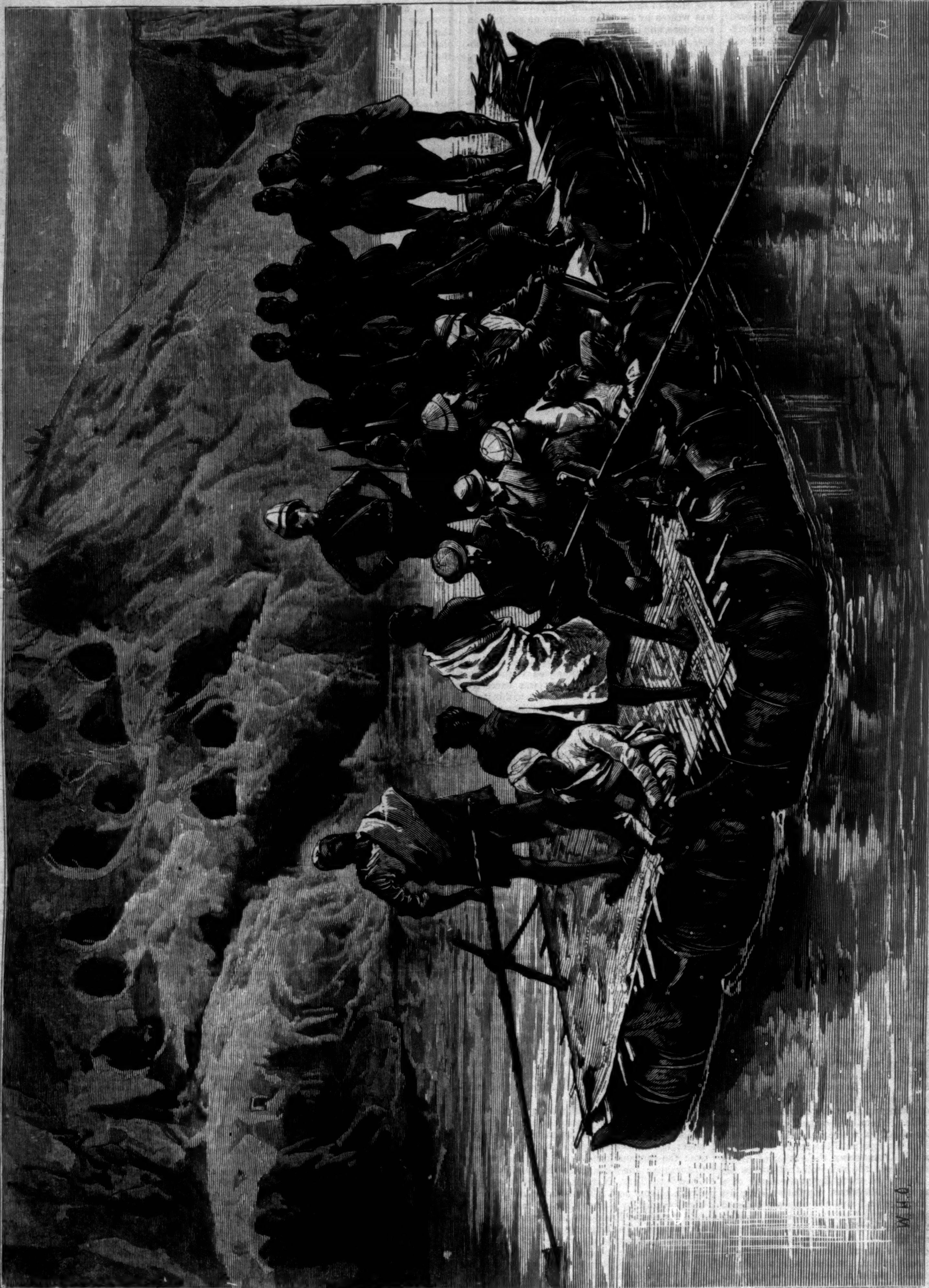
[1] *The Ancient Egyptians*. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., etc. Harper & Brothers.



BOATING ON THE CABOOL RIVER—VISIT TO THE CAVES AT CHICKNOUR.

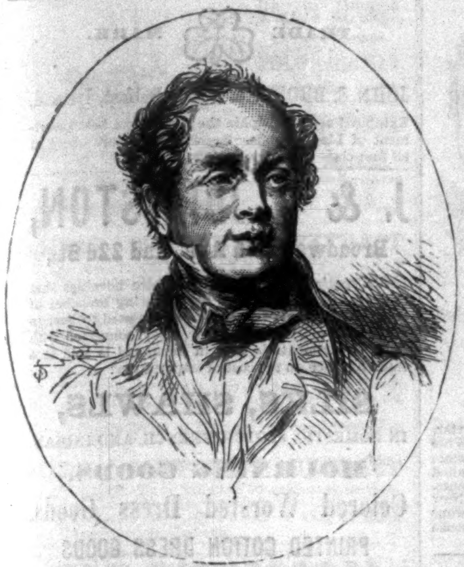
THE CAVES AT CHICKNOUR.

Navigation on the Cabool is still in a very primitive condition, as may be seen from our picture of the pleasure-raft on which the artist and a party of English officers made an excursion to the celebrated caves of Chicknour, on the banks of that river. The raft consists of inflated bullock-skins, securely tied together, and covered with a light flooring of wooden slats and skins. The use of this means of river navigation is very ancient in Western India and some parts of Central Asia, and although not adapted to speed, it is a safe and not unpleasant mode of aquatic conveyance.

The caves visited by the party in question are supposed to be the ruins of an ancient cavern temple, and the antiquarians belonging to the British expedition in Afghanistan will make them the subject of close examination. In all ages caves have excited the awe and wonder of mankind, and have been the centres around which cluster many legends and superstitions. They were the abode of the sibyls and the nymphs of Roman mythology; and in Greece they were the early temples of Pan, Bacchus, Pluto, and the Moon, as well as the places where the famous oracles were delivered at Delphi, Corinth, and Mount Cithæron. Their names frequently are the survivals of the superstitious ideas of the earlier world, as, for example, the Fairy's, Dragon's, or Devil's caves of Europe. The superstition remained longer in Germany than elsewhere. Long after the "Little Men" had forsaken their accustomed haunts in the lowland forests and glens of that country, they were imagined as dwelling in deep subterranean palaces in the Hartz Mountains, whence they came from time to time to take a furtive glance at their old domain. Our readers will not fail to call to mind the German legend of the famous **Friedrich Barbarossa** asleep in the enchanted cavern; and in like manner the hills of Granada are still believed by the Moorish children to contain the great **Boabdil** and his sleeping host, who will awake, when some adventurous mortal invades their repose, to restore the glory of the Moors in Spain.

Caves have been used in all ages by mankind for habitation, refuge, and burial. In a very remote period of the world's history a race of men called "cave-dwellers" lived in caverns in certain portions of England and Europe where such natural burrows abound. Human skeletons, the remains of rude weapons, ornaments, the débris of the chase, etc., found in these ancient places of refuge, have enabled scientists to determine the co-existence of man with animals that became extinct before the dawn of history, and also afford a clew to the characteristics of the race that so existed. They probably bore a strong resemblance to the Esquimaux, lived by hunting and fishing, and were clad with skins sewn together with sinews or strips of intestines. This primitive race possessed no domestic animals, nor were they acquainted with spinning or with the potter's art.

The exploration of ancient caves in the East that have not suffered by modern spoliation may afford much important information in regard to the early history of mankind in that part of the world. As yet few prehistoric caves have been explored outside of Europe.



THOMAS MOORE.

TOM MOORE.

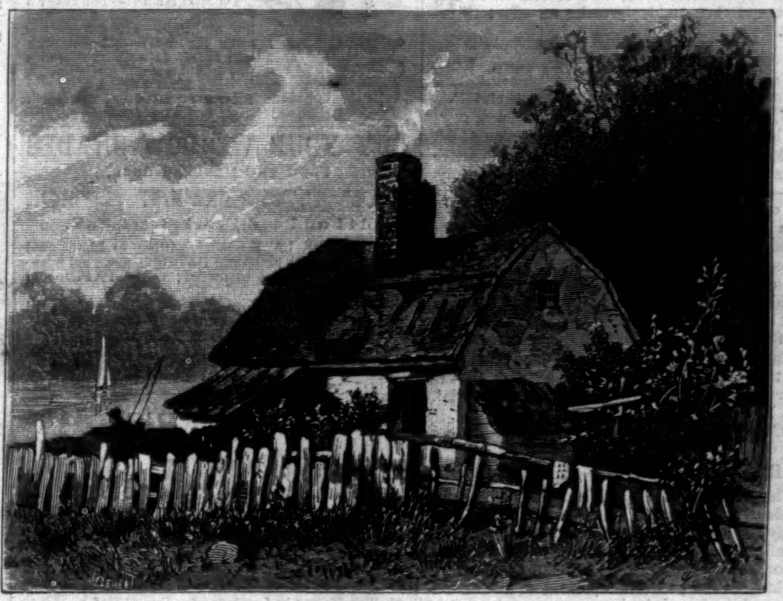
THE celebration of THOMAS MOORE's centennial does honor to a poet who, even if denied a first place in his profession by the highest critics, nevertheless enjoys a popularity of which any one might be proud. THOMAS MOORE can not be called a great master of English verse; but he is one whose pleasing numbers have procured him a large audience, and whose contributions to the poetry of our language have their own peculiar value in spite of the overshadowing of such contemporaries as BYRON and SHELLEY. The poet himself was also endeared personally to a large number of friends, many of whom are still living, and who will be glad to take advantage of the approaching opportunity to pay a fitting tribute to his memory.

THOMAS MOORE was of humble origin. His father at the time of his birth was a small tradesman, but subsequently became a barrack-master in the British army, through the influence of a nobleman named MOIRA. The poet was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 28th of May, 1779. His home, though lacking in what may be called the elegancies of life, was essentially a refined and happy one, and his tastes and friendships formed almost in boyhood's years seem to have colored his principles and feelings through life. In an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November, 1803, and written from Norfolk, in Virginia, he retraces with delight their childhood, and describes the endearments of home with a sensibility as tender as that which breathes through the lines which COWPER addressed to his mother's picture. At an early age the poet was placed at a school in which SHERIDAN had formerly been a pupil; and in 1793 he was sent to the Dublin University, where he ultimately took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. During his college career he was distinguished for his classical attainments, his enthusiastic attachment to his country, and the sociability of his disposition.

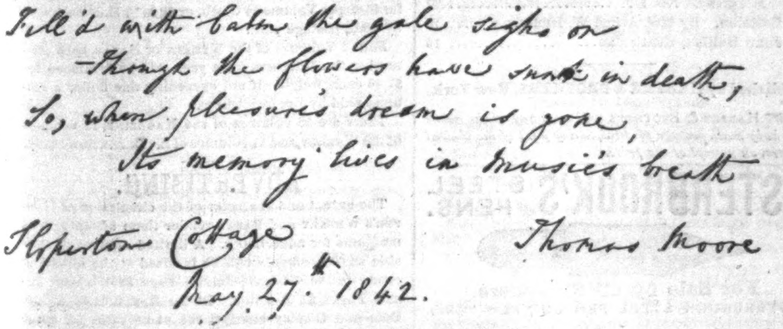
On the 19th of November, 1799, MOORE entered himself a member of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple; and in the course of the year 1800, before he had completed the twentieth year of his age, he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse, with notes, whence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he was for a long time designated by the appellation of "Anacreon Moore." The work is introduced by a Greek ode from the pen of the translator, and is dedicated, with permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterward GEORGE IV. When MOORE first came to London his youthful appearance was such that, being at a large dinner party, and getting up to escort the ladies to the drawing-room, a French gentleman observed, "Ah, le petit bon homme qui s'en va!" MOORE's subsequent brilliant conversation, however, soon proved him to be, though little of stature, yet, like GAY, "in wit a man." Assuming the appropriate name of "Little," our author published in 1801 a volume of original poems, chiefly amatory. Of the contents of this volume it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. Its publication was afterward the cause of the most sincere regret to the poet himself. His friend ROGERS, in commenting upon them, says, "So heartily has MOORE repented of having published 'Little Poems' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." And thus writes JEFFREY: "He has long ago redeemed his error; in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor."

In 1803, through the influence of Lord MOIRA, the same nobleman that had befriended his father, THOMAS MOORE was appointed to a government post at Bermuda. He arrived there in January, 1804; but finding the position unsuited to his temperament, and disagreeable to his refined and cultivated tastes, he committed his duties to the charge of a deputy, with whom he was to divide whatever profits might accrue. Before returning to England he travelled in America, and it was at this time that he occupied for a season the romantic little cottage on the Delaware shown in our engraving. In October, 1804, he left this country, and in 1806 he published his remarks on the manners and society of America, in a work entitled *Odes and Epistles.* For this he was sharply taken to task in the Edinburgh *Review*, and a duel ensued between him and JEFFREY, over which BYRON made considerable mirth, and which resulted in the combatants becoming most excellent friends.

The celebrated poem of "Lalla Rookh" appeared in 1817, in the summer of which year the poet visited the French capital, where he collected the materials for his humorous production entitled "The Fudge Family in Paris." In the following year he went to Ireland. During his visit, on the 8th of June, a public dinner was given him at Morrison's Hotel. The assemblage included the most distinguished literary and political characters of the time, the chair being occupied by the Earl of Charlemont. In 1822 MOORE made a second visit to Paris, residing there for a considerable time with his wife and family. The fame of his genius, his social yet unpretending manners, and his musical talents and conversation gained for him much esteem among the eminent literary characters of the French capital. Previous to MOORE's leaving Paris the British nobility and gentry living in that capital gave him a most splendid dinner at ROBERTS's. About sixty persons were present. Lord TRIMBLESTOWN was in the chair, supported on his right by Mr. MOORE, and on his left by the Earl of Granard, and the proceedings at this farewell festival, which lasted till "sober-kerchiefed morn" warned the company to depart, proved how well the poet had endeared himself to an extended circle, not less by his private worth and social qualities than by the brilliancy of his talents.



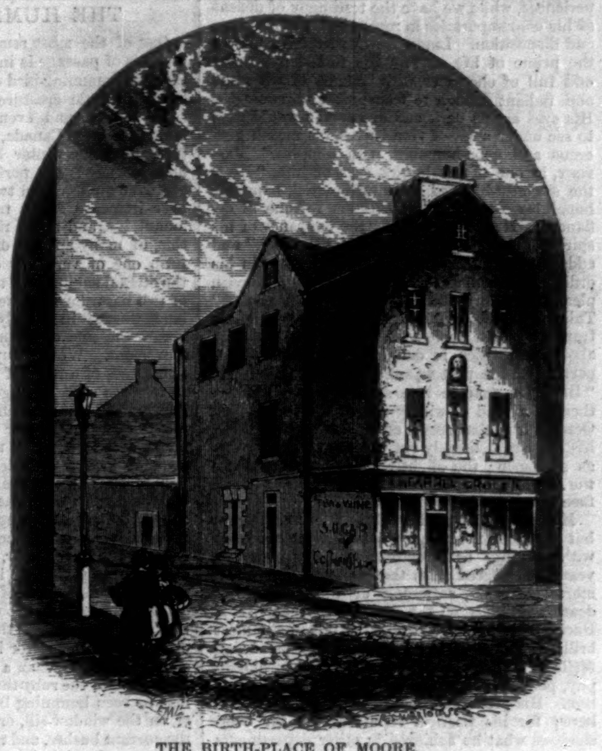
MOORE'S COTTAGE ON THE DELAWARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. FALCONER.



Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on
Though the flowers have sunk in death,
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath
Sloperton Cottage
Thomas Moore
May. 27th 1842.

FAC-SIMILE OF MOORE'S HANDWRITING.

MOORE published in 1828 the "Loves of the Angels," of which two translations soon after appeared in Paris. While he was composing this poem, Lord BYRON, who then resided in Italy, was, by a singular coincidence, writing a similar poem, with the title of "Heaven and Earth," both of them having taken the subject from the second verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis: "And it came to pass that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." MOORE afterward published a *Life of Sheridan*, which, from the sources of information open to him, is, in a literary point of view at least, a valuable acquisition to the lovers of biography. But the vigorous and, alas! "ower true" stanzas which he wrote on the death of that singularly gifted man, and the treatment he experienced at the hands of the little great, are so brilliant that, brief as they are, they somewhat blind the reader to the more sober merits of the prose memoir. Perhaps the strong sympathy expressed by the poet led the public to expect too much from the biographer. It is certain, however, that the *Life* has been severely criticised; even royalty, it is said, did not disdain to direct a not unpointed jest against the work. A gentleman, in the presence of King GEORGE IV., speaking of the work in question, declared that MOORE had murdered his friend. "You are too severe," said his Majesty; "I can not admit that Mr. MOORE has *murdered* SHERIDAN, but he has certainly *attempted his life.*"



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MOORE.

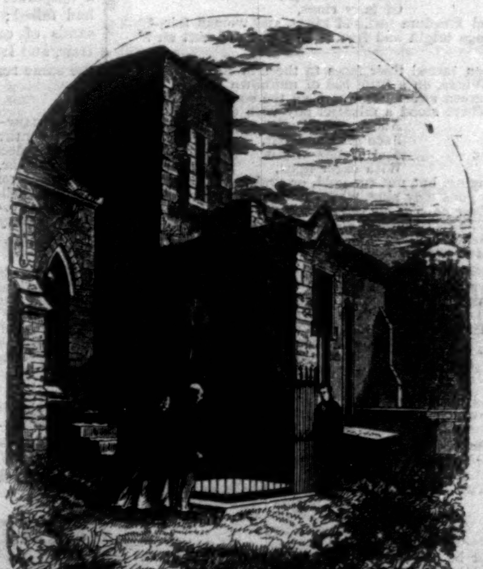
It is well known that the memoirs of Lord BYRON, written by himself, had been placed in the keeping of MOORE, and designed as a legacy for his benefit. It is also known that the latter, with the consent and at the desire of his lordship, had sold the manuscript to Mr. MURRAY, the London publisher, for the sum of 2000 guineas. These memoirs being, however, lost to the world, it may be worth while, even at this distance of time, to revert to the particulars of their destruction. Indeed, in no sketch, however slight, of the life of MOORE, could these details be properly omitted. They show, better than pages of description could do, the sensitive delicacy and chivalrous generosity of his character. The leading facts were related in the following letter addressed by Mr. MOORE to the English journals:

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr. MURRAY and myself to the property in these memoirs (a question which, now that they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one), it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord BYRON's sister, Mrs. LEIGH, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction, at least without previous perusal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, *and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us.* The manuscript was accordingly torn and burned before our eyes; and I immediately paid to Mr. MURRAY, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand guineas, with interest, etc., being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. LONGMAN & Co.

"Since then the family of Lord BYRON have, in a manner highly honorable to themselves, proposed an arrangement by which the sum thus paid to Mr. MURRAY might be re-imbursed to me; but from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully but peremptorily declined their offer."

For this act MOORE received the unqualified admiration of all right-thinking people. Many condemned the destruction of the manuscript, but the class whose approval it is worth while to regard were unanimous in their commendation. One writer says: "To this the firm supporters of Church and state, the pure sticklers for public morals, the friends of decorum and decency, the respecters of the inviolability of domestic privacy, the foes to unlicensed wit and poetic license, the disinterested and tender regarders of Lord BYRON's character itself, one and all proudly replied that Mr. MOORE had performed one of the most difficult and delicate duties that ever fell to the lot of man, friend, citizen, or Christian to perform in the most manly, friendly, patriotic, and Christian-like manner. As a man, he had nobly sacrificed his private interest and opinion out of respect to Lord BYRON's living connections; as a friend, he had evinced a real and rare friendship by withholding, at his own personal loss, those self-and-thoughtlessly-intruded specks and deformities of a great character from the popular gaze, which delights too much to feast on the infirmities of noble minds."

MOORE's best biographer is, by all means, himself. This becomes evident at once to all who have even glanced at the eight solid volumes entitled *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore* (London, 1853–56), to which Lord JOHN RUSSELL has put his name as editor. This work contains between twenty-eight and twenty-nine hundred pages, about seventy of which only are from the pen of his lordship. The task of editing this work was committed to Lord RUSSELL by MOORE himself, in whose will, written in 1828, occurs the following passage: "I also confide to my valued friend Lord JOHN RUSSELL (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family." The papers thus left to his lordship consist of a memoir of MOORE written by himself, beginning from his birth, but reaching only to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old; a journal begun in 1818, and extending to the year 1846; and letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother. These together give an admirable picture of MOORE's inward life and ex-



MOORE'S GRAVE.

periences, while we have the testimony of dozens of his contemporaries in regard to his appearance and disposition. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says: "His forehead is bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves, his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples." Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him, "He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance." He writes also of "the buoyancy of his spirits and the inward light of his mind," and adds: "There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry." This is the tribute of Scott: "There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him, which is delightful." In 1835 this portrait of the poet was drawn by N. P. Willis: "His eyes sparkle like a Champagne bubble; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek; his lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; the slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates."

Moore's life ended sadly. The magnificent but overtasked mind gave way, leaving the body without guide or direction; and for over two years he suffered from that most terrible of all mortal diseases, softening of the brain. His death took place on the 25th of February, 1852. During his life he was known as one of the most brilliant literary men of the time, his pen being facile in every direction, whether history, biography, poetry, or even criticism claimed his attention. His prose works have not been alluded to here; for his poetical reputation so far overshadows what he achieved in other departments of literature as to make these of little importance. Moore will always be known as one of the most brilliant of English poets, even though he is denied a place among the greatest or most inspired. In his preface to the "Loves of the Angels" he states that he had somewhat hastened its publication to avoid the disadvantage of having his work appear after his friend Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth;" or, as he ingeniously expresses it, "by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, to give myself the chance of what astronomers call a *heliacal rising*, before the luminary in whose light I was to be lost should appear." This was an amiable but by no means a reasonable modesty. The light that plays round Mr. Moore's verses, tender, exquisite, and brilliant, was in no danger of being extinguished even in the splendor of Lord Byron's genius. Of the appreciation that was extended to him by this his more illustrious brother poet we learn from the following prophetic observation from Lord Byron's pen: "Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his 'Irish Melodies;' they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry."

With this splendid compliment from one who has with justice been styled "the greatest poet of modern times," we close our brief sketch of Moore, leaving our readers to fill it up from the abundant funds of anecdote and recollection that can not fail to make their way into print apropos of the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

TOM MOORE.

Said Erin: "At last thou art come,
O son of my heart! thou art come!
The harp that in Tara has hung,
Uncrowned, unswept, and unsung,
Now touch with thy passionate hands,
And sing to the deaf and dumb lands:
Sing Erin's songs,
Her hopes and wrongs,
Her loves and dreams,
Her fields and streams—
Sing, minstrel, sing: through smiles and tears,
I've watched for thee a thousand years."

Then, like a strain of music in the night,
The old sweet notes fell on Earth's drowsy ear;
And men paused suddenly in strange delight,
And, smiling, asked, "What melody is here?
What quaint old strain,
Half joy, half pain?
Who is it sings
Of fairy rings,
And Freedom lost, old kings, and woman fair—
Songs bright and free as sunshine and soft air?"

Then turned their faces to the dim North Sea,
Where, on a little isle of unknown fame—
A green sweet isle where all the song-birds flee—
There stood a minstrel boy with tongue of flame,
And back-thrown hair,
Face glad and fair,
And eyelids bright
With eager light,
Singing, but not for gold, or praise, or name,
As gods may sing, whom none may tire or tame:
"*Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,*
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to Light, Freedom, and Song!"

So sang he, while the birds sang overhead,
And listening hearts caught up the wild, glad strain,
Till in all lands where Erin's exiles tread,
The notes fell sweetly, like a happy rain,
Like soft spring showers,
That bring the flowers,
Like winds that pass
O'er cool green grass,
And blent themselves with all notes glad and free
In which men chant the praise of Liberty.

Thou need'st no keen;* for thou, Tom Moore, wilt be
Heir to the love of thousands yet unborn;
But we will keep thy birthday, since for thee
The joy-bells crossed the death-bells on that morn.
Thou wilt not die
While minstrelsy
Sets hearts on fire
With wild desire,
Nor be forgot when mighty words and hands
Have clasped the feet of Freedom in all lands.

---

* The Irish death-song.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

One of the most remarkable feats performed by birds of passage is instanced by the tiny ruby-throated humming-bird of North America. This beautiful little creature finds its way annually from Mexico, and even South America, to the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, returning to its winter home in autumn. This long journey is not performed in flocks, but singly, over no less than twenty degrees of latitude, over immense forest tracts, wide prairies, high mountains, and broad rivers. One wonders why this, of many species of humming-birds, should form one of very few exceptions, and abandon the eternal summers of the South, to run the risks of two hazardous journeys, for a short sojourn in lands where it has barely time to rear its offspring before the cold of autumn compels a retrograde movement. We can suppose that the united intelligences of a flock of swallows are more likely to assure a safer passage than the skill of a single individual; nevertheless this tiny creature pursues its course year by year for thousands of miles, and with great regularity as to the seasons of arrival and departure, performing the double journey and rearing its offspring within four months. How the little bird manages to subsist during its spring migration, especially in Canada, seems a wonder, for scarcely a flower excepting the May-flower, the trillium, and a few other vernal plants are in bloom.

Often in the centre of some vast Canadian forest, the housewife no sooner places her geranium, that has been in-doors throughout the long rigorous winter, in order for it to catch the first warm sunshine of May, than a buzzing noise announces the advent of the ruby-throat. Then its agile form may be seen humming like a moth over the flower on the window-sill, or among the blossoms of the currant bushes, and round the opening flowers of the peach, while its sapphire throat flashes in the sunlight with every movement of its restless body. The ruby-throat invariably arrives just as the early spring plants burst into bloom, and whether unconscious of danger, or feigning death, or momentarily stupefied by fright, it is the case that when captured it will lie with closed eyes, and to all appearances dead, save for its throbbing heart, and then suddenly make an effort to escape.

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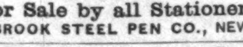
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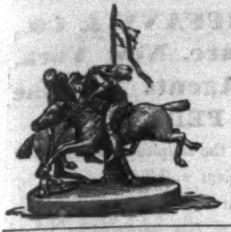

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The Cuticura System of purifying the blood and circulating fluids of Scrofulous, Cancerous, and Canker Humors, and of treating all diseases of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, consists in the *internal* use of the Cuticura Resolvent and the *external* application, where the disease has reached the surface, of Cuticura, assisted by the Cuticura Soap.

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Since that time I have had no trouble from this disease, and have not had such good health in twenty years as I have had during the last six months.

I have since my recovery bought Cuticura and given it to friends suffering with skin diseases, and in every instance it has cured them. I believe it to be the greatest discovery of the present century.

J. A. Tucker.

13 Doane St., Boston, *Dec.* 20, 1878.

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A Modern Miracle. Astonishing results from the use of CUTICURA.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen,*—We have a case of Leprosy in our poorhouse which is being cured by your Cuticura Remedies. The county had employed all of our doctors, and had sent to New York for advice, but to no avail.

The patient commenced using the Cuticura, and immediately began getting better.

He had been confined to his bed for two and one-half years. *Had not had his clothes on during this time.* Last week he dressed for the first time.

When he washed, there would at least *one quart* of scales come off of him.

This happened every day.

We think it is a wonderful cure.

We do not say he is cured, but he is in a fair way to be cured, to say the least. Yours truly,

Dunning Brothers,
Druggists and Booksellers.

Allegan, Mich., *Feb.* 11, 1879.

Note.—Messrs. Dunning Brothers are thoroughly reliable gentlemen, and were unknown to us prior to the receipt of this letter. We firmly believe this Cuticura will permanently cure this very severe case of Leprosy, as it has done many others.

CHILDREN AND INFANTS.

More Cures of Skin and Scalp Affections by the Cuticura Remedies.

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J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin St., Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call Eczema. We have tried most everything, and at last have used Cuticura, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy."

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Cured in One Week.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter,—Some three or four weeks ago I ordered a box of Cuticura for a bad case of Salt-Rheum. The back of one of my wife's hands was a running sore. In one week from the day it arrived her hand was well, and has remained so up to today.

E. P. Daggett.

Milford, Me., *June* 10, 1878.

Note.—Reader, don't you think these cures remarkable?

SALT-RHEUM

On Face, Head, and Parts of Body. Head covered with Scabs and Sores.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter,—I commenced to use your Cuticura last July. Have only used one large and one small box, and one bottle of the Resolvent. My face and head and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful.

I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. One very skilful physician said he would rather not treat it, and some of them think now I am only cured temporarily. I think not, for I have not a particle of Salt-Rheum about me, and my case is considered wonderful. My case has been the means of selling a great many of your Cuticura Remedies in this part of the country. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. S. E. Whipple.

Decatur, Mich, *Nov.* 17, 1878.

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Incidental to the Texan Climate.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen,*—Enclosed please find one dollar for a large box of Cuticura. The small one that I received some time ago has been very efficacious, especially in Prickly Heat or Rash, as some people call it. I am noising it about.

Yours truly, Thomas W. Buckley.

Mason, Texas, *Sept.* 22, 1878.

SALT-RHEUM.

Helpless for Eight Years.—Unable to walk. Got about on hands and knees. A wonderful cure.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen,*—I have had a most wonderful cure of Salt-Rheum. For seventeen years I suffered with Salt-Rheum; I had it on my head, face, neck, arms, and legs. I was not able to walk, only on my hands and knees, for one year. I have not been able to help myself for eight years. I tried hundreds of remedies; not one had the least effect. The doctors said my case was incurable. So my parents tried everything that came along. I saw your advertisement, and concluded to try Cuticura Remedies. The first box of Cuticura brought the Humor to the surface of my skin. It would drop off as it came out, until now I am entirely well. All I can say is, I thank you most heartily for my cure. Any person who thinks this letter a fraud, let them write, or come and see me, and find out for themselves.

Yours truly, Will McDonald.

1315 Butterfield St.,
Chicago, Ill., *March* 4, 1879.

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That was destroying the Hair cured with one box of CUTICURA.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen,*—I want to tell you what Cuticura has done for me. About ten years ago my hair began falling out, caused by Humor of the Scalp. I tried various remedies, too numerous to mention, without relief, until I began using Cuticura, one box of which has entirely cured me, and new hair is beginning to grow. Respectfully,

Mrs. O. J. Root.

897 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., *Nov.* 13, 1878.

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Messrs. Weeks & Potter: *Gentlemen,*—Since July last I have been using your Cuticura for Scald-Head, and it has cured me when all medicines that I have taken for nine years did me no good. I am now using it as a hair-dressing, but my head is well. It keeps the hair in very nice condition. Yours truly,

H. A. Raymond,
Auditor Fort Wayne, Jackson, & Saginaw R. R.

Jackson, Mich., *Dec.* 20, 1878.

Note.—There is no end to the testimonials that might be given in favor of these great remedies.

METHOD OF USING THE CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Skin and Scalp Diseases, and Ulcers and Sores, should be treated externally with **Cuticura,** assisted by the **Cuticura Soap,** and **Resolvent** taken internally, until cured, and for some time afterward. Where the humors are confined to the blood, and do not show themselves on the surface, the **Resolvent** alone will speedily drive them from the system. The **Cuticura Remedies** infallibly cure the most loathsome cases of Scrofulous and Skin and Scalp Humors, as is attested by hundreds of unsolicited testimonials in our possession.

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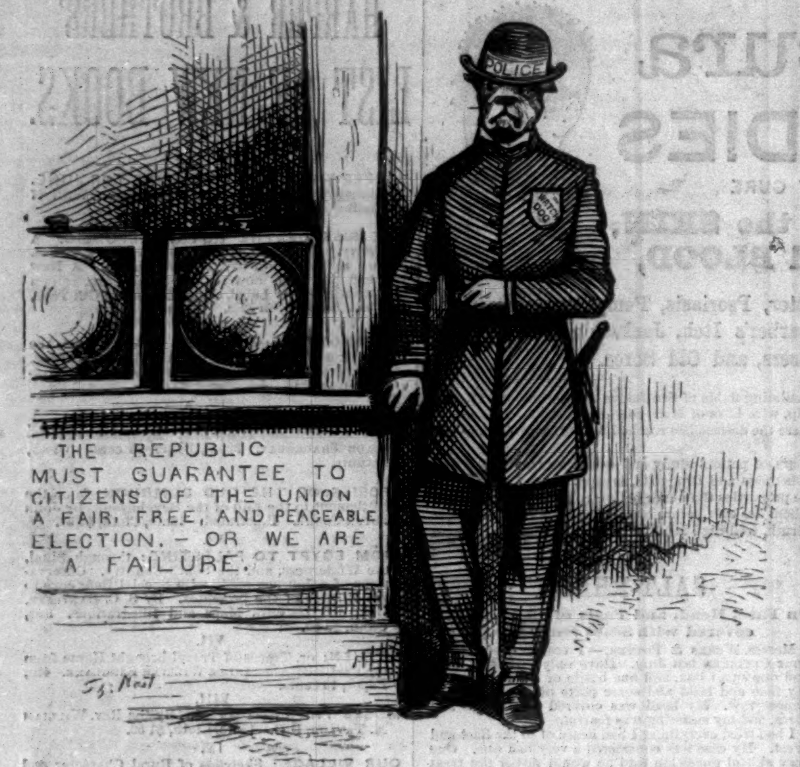
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HIGHEST HONORS
At all World's Exhibitions
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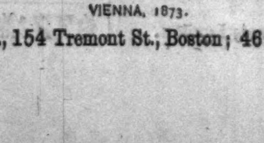
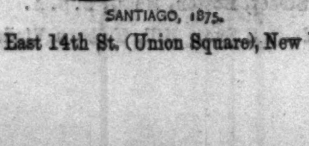
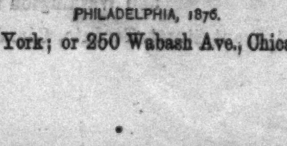
NAPOLEON III EMPEREUR
PARIS, 1867.

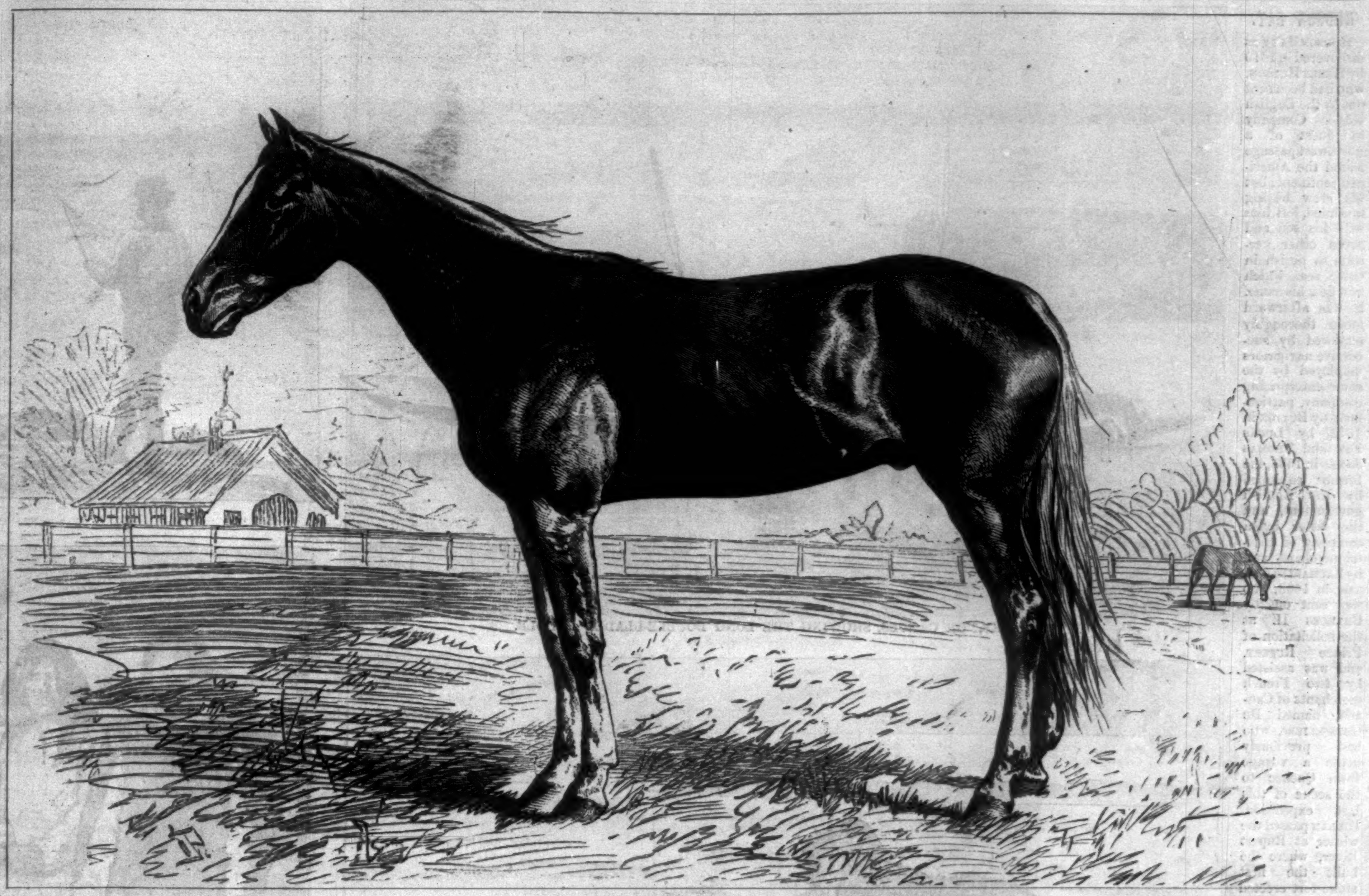

VIENNA, 1873.



SANTIAGO, 1875.


PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St. (Union Square), New York; or 250 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



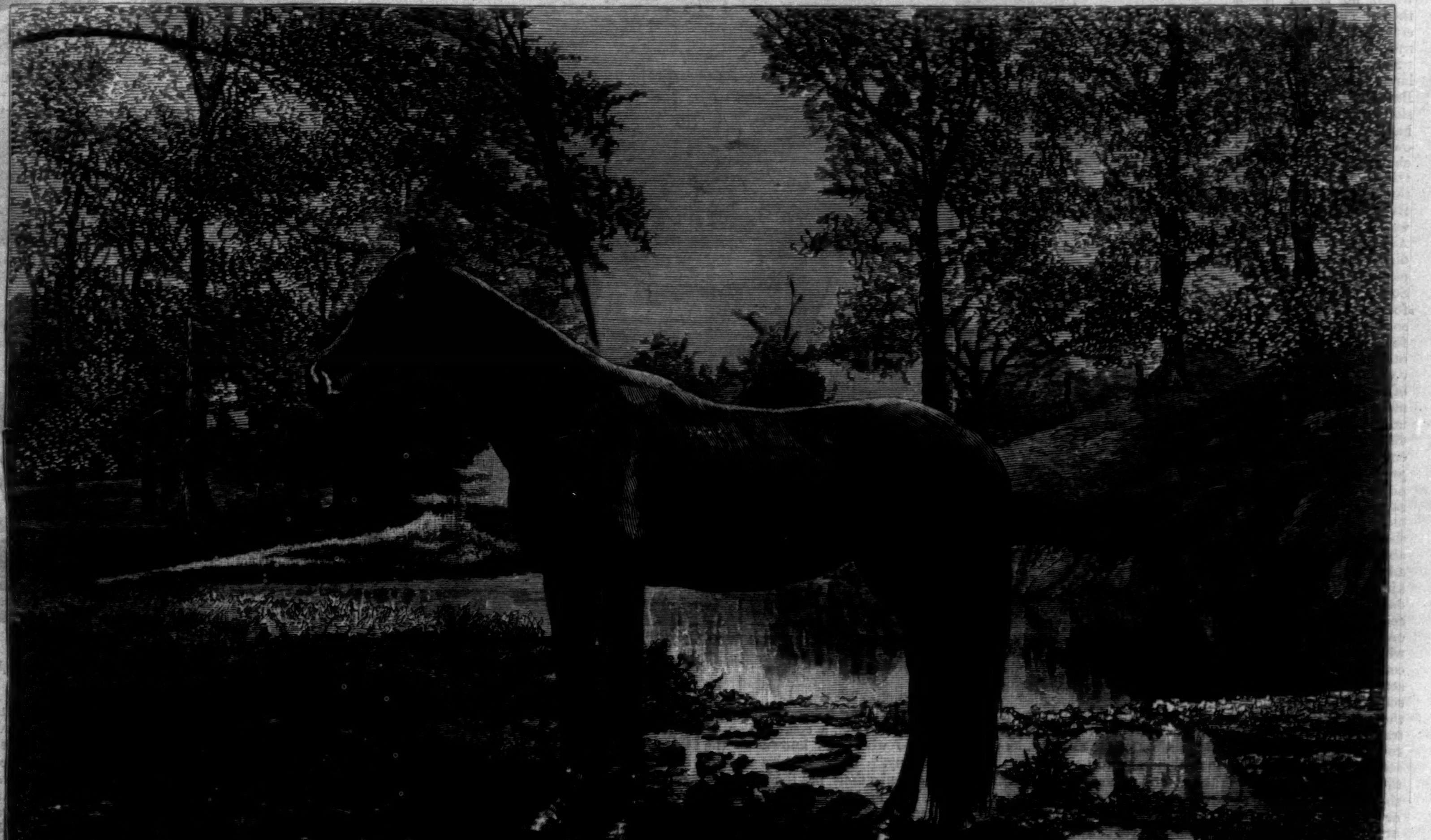
"EDWARD," OWNED BY FRANK WORK, ESQ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH.

TWO SPLENDID TROTTERS.

IN England the national sport of fox-hunting makes a nation of riders, while in this country—in the Northern States at least—carriage-driving is the most common form of "taking the air" and of going short distances. We rarely hear farmers or country gentlemen speak of "saddling" if they wish to go to the village or visit a neighbor; they almost invariably "hitch up," and go trundling along the dusty road. Custom and high board fences make riding across country a forbidden luxury, and there is something aggravating in the quiet canter prescribed for equestrian pleasure-seekers in our large parks. Hence the trotting horse is the great favorite in America, even for the race-course.

We give on this page the portraits of two magnificent trotters, both owned by gentlemen of this city. Edward, the property of FRANK WORK, Esq., is a handsome chestnut gelding, of good size and very stylish. This fine trotter, now about seven years old, was purchased by Mr. WORK for road driving after his successful career on the track in 1878, when he made a record of 2.19. His previous achievements, which we have not space to record, showed him to be a horse of high courage and endurance; and his performances on the road since coming into Mr. WORK'S stables prove him to be one of the most promising trotters in the country.

Maud S., the property of WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, Esq., is a lightish red chestnut filly, with a small blaze in her face. She is a trifle over fifteen hands, sound as a diamond, gentle and even-tempered, and of wonderful speed and endurance. Before her purchase by Mr. VANDERBILT she made the unprecedented time, for a four-year-old, of 2.17½ on the Lexington (Kentucky) course. This was in October of last year. In Maud S. Mr. VANDERBILT possesses one of the finest and fastest trotters of the day. Her action is exceedingly graceful, and in the race just mentioned she went over the course without a single skip.

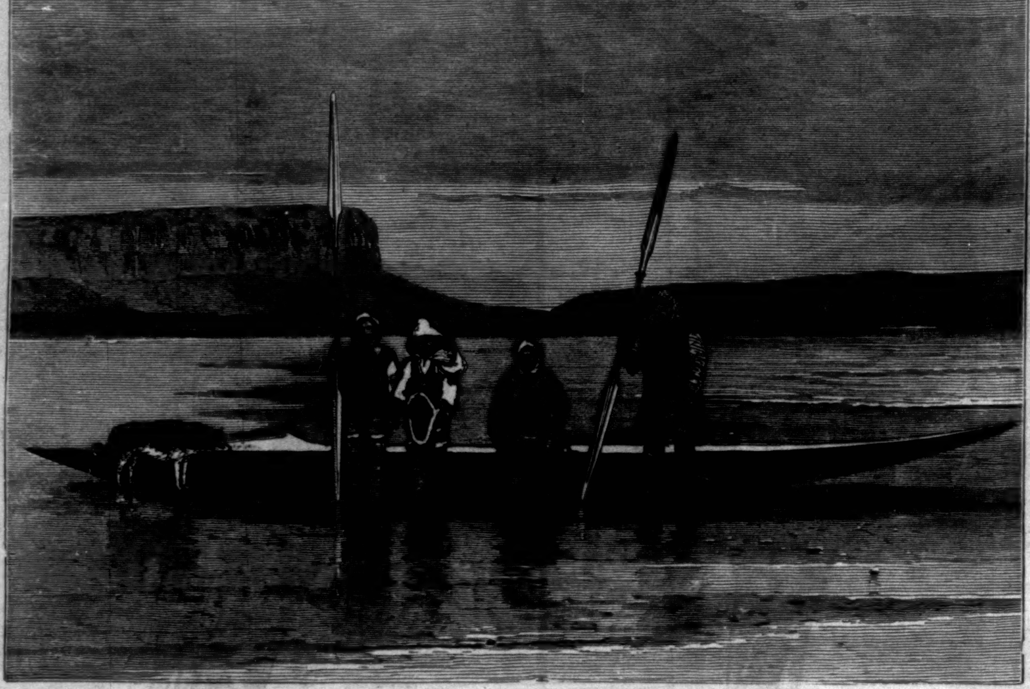


"MAUD S.," OWNED BY WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, ESQ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

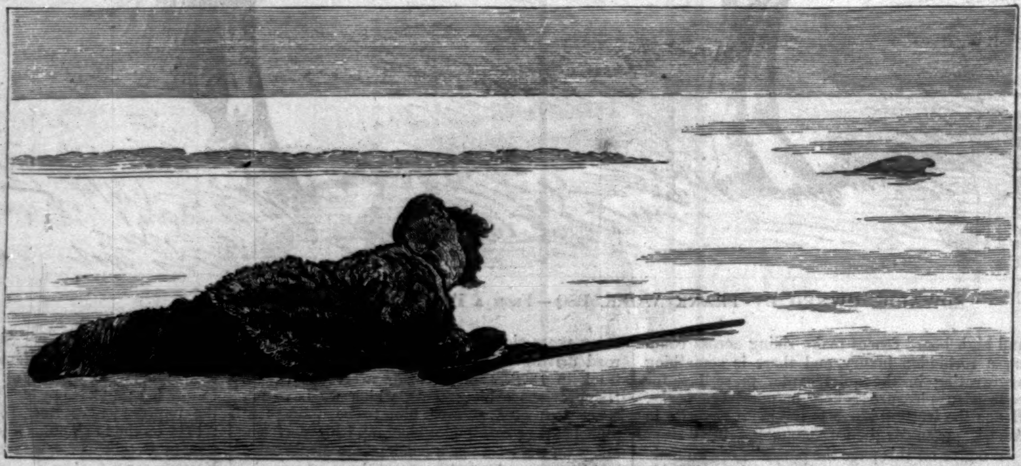
HUDSON BAY.

Hudson Bay was discovered in 1610 by **Henry Hudson**, who had been sent out by the English Russia Company in quest of a northwest passage round the American continent; but his crew having mutinied, left him with his son and seven other persons to perish in those seas which now bear his name. It was afterward more thoroughly explored by successive navigators employed by the same enterprising company, particularly by **Button** in 1612, by **Lucas Fox** and **Thomas James** in 1631, the former equipped by the English government, and the latter by a company of Bristol merchants, and by **Zacharias Gillam**, in 1668, who was sent out by **Charles II.** at the solicitation of Prince **Rupert**, and was assisted by two French merchants of Canada, named **De Grosseliers**, who had previously made a voyage from Quebec to the scene of this last expedition. **Gillam** passed the winter at Rupert River, where he built the first stone fort erected in the country, which he named Fort Charles, and provided it with a sufficient garrison. Before his return the king had granted to Prince **Rupert** and certain lords, knights, and merchants associated with him a charter, dated 1670, in which he styled them "The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading from England to Hudson Bay," and in consideration of their having, at their own cost and charges, "undertaken an expedition to Hudson Bay, in the northwest parts of America, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for the finding of some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities, and of their having made by such their undertakings such discoveries as did encourage them to proceed further in pursuance of the said design, by means whereof there might probably arise great advantages to the king and his kingdom," absolutely ceded to the said undertakers "the whole trade and commerce of those seas, etc., in whatsoever latitude they might be, which are situated within the entrance of Hudson Straits, together with all the countries upon the coasts and confines of the said seas, straits, etc., so that they alone should have the right of trading thither; and whosoever should infringe this right, and be found selling or buying within the said boundaries, should be arrested, and all their merchandise be confiscated, so that one-half should belong to the king and the other half to the Hudson Bay Company." The career of this organization has in some senses been a checkered one; but in the main the vast scheme proposed by its founders has been successfully carried out. Between 1697 and 1714 the Company lost possession of its territory, the settlements then existing being occupied by the French. Again, in 1783, a combination of traders gave rise to what was known as the "Northwest Company." Great rivalry ensued between the two organizations, but the latter, not being successful, was in 1821 merged into the Hudson Bay Company, as much for the purpose of putting an end to strife between the different agents as for any other purpose. The latter existed as a monopoly and a semi-sovereign power until 1869, when its rights to all the territory held under its charter were bought up, under imperial authority, by the Dominion of Canada. This, however, did not affect the Company's control of the trading interests of the territory.

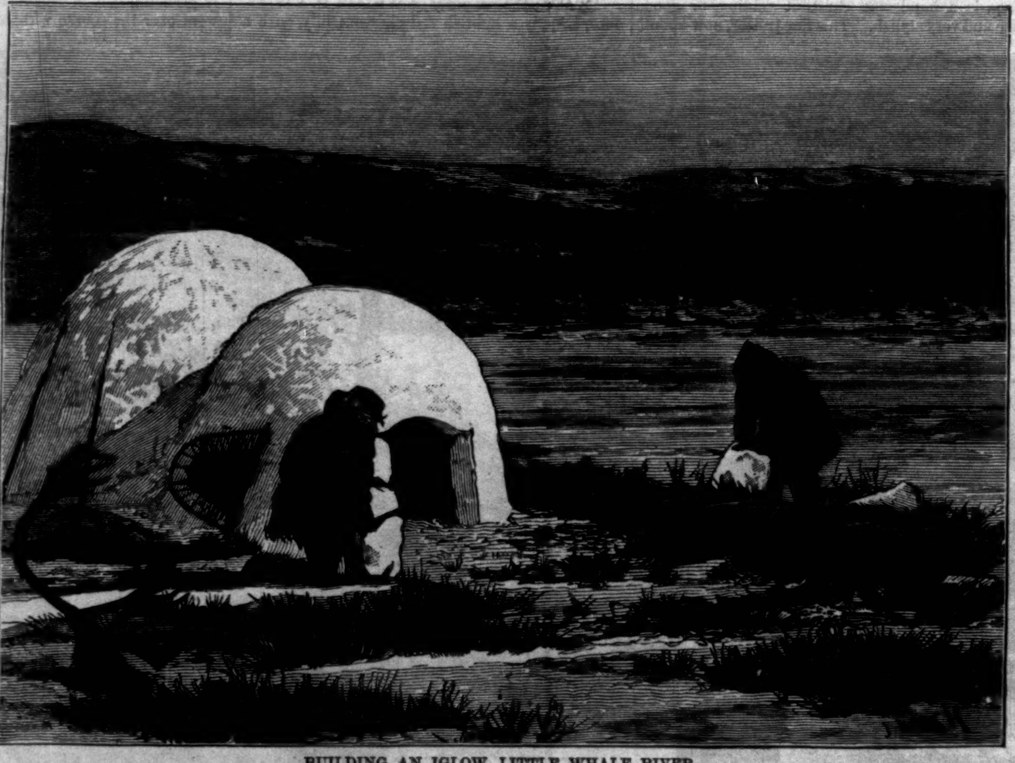
The immense extent of the territory over which the Hudson Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which dépôts and posts are established, can scarcely be comprehended at a single glance. From Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is as great a distance as from London to Mecca; the space between the Company's post at Sault Ste. Marie and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2500 geographical miles; from the King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is further than from Paris to Samarcand. The area of country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe. There are four principal stations. These are York Fort, Moose Fort, Montreal, and Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia; and from each of these the materials of trade are dispatched chiefly by canoes to the different factories and forts in the interior, while all the furs collected are sent back in return. One of our engravings shows a party returning from Moose Factory. This important station, situated at the southern extremity of Hudson Bay, presides over all the country between that vast gulf and the Canadian lakes. York Fort commands all the vast region extending north and west of the bay, bounded by the Arctic Ocean, the Rocky Mountains, and a line drawn from the bay through Rainy Lake.



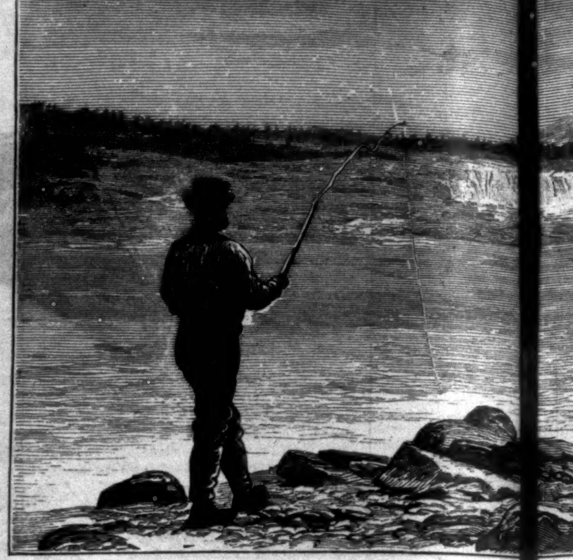
"KAYAKS," OR CANOES, SHOWING THE LONG DOUBLE-BLADED PADDLE.



SEAL-HUNTING ON THE ICE.



BUILDING AN IGLOW, LITTLE WHALE RIVER.



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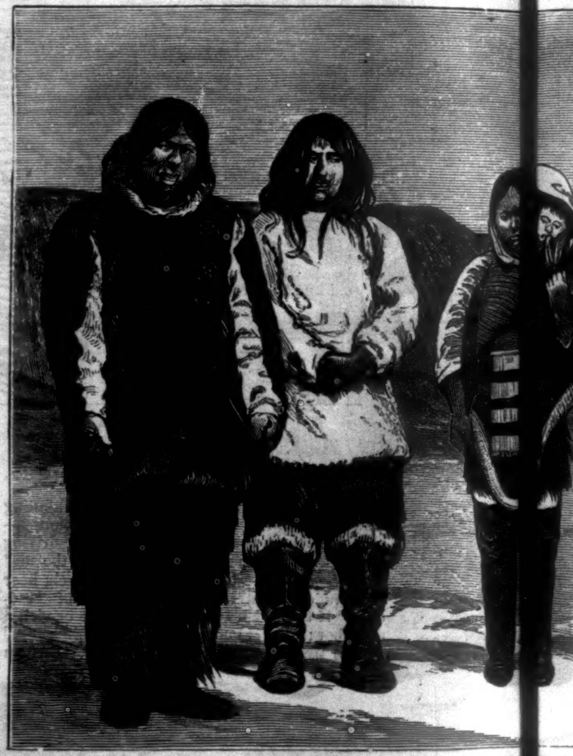

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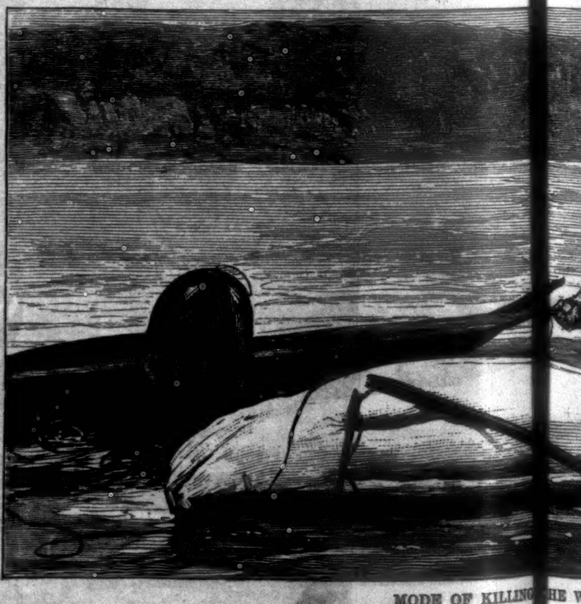

MODE OF KILLING HE W

TRAVEL AND SPO T IN

The Indians throug t the
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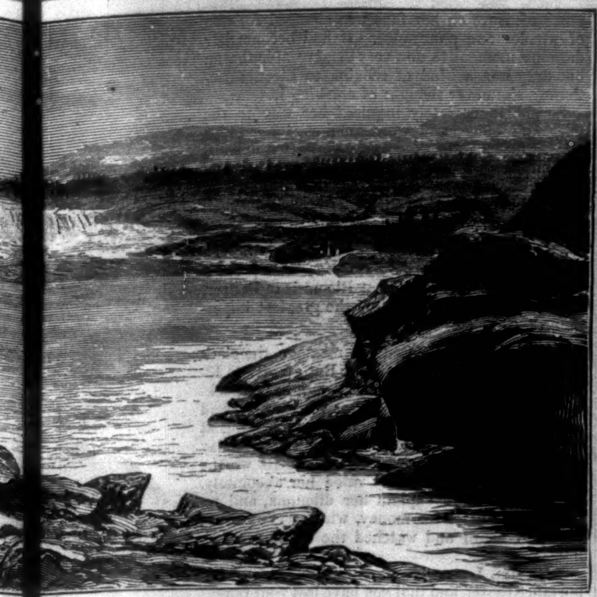
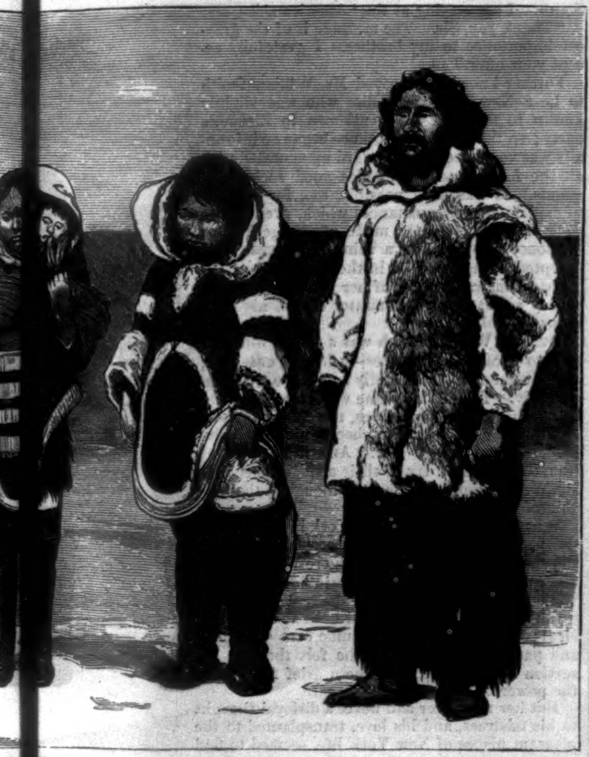


N L LE WHALE RIVER.



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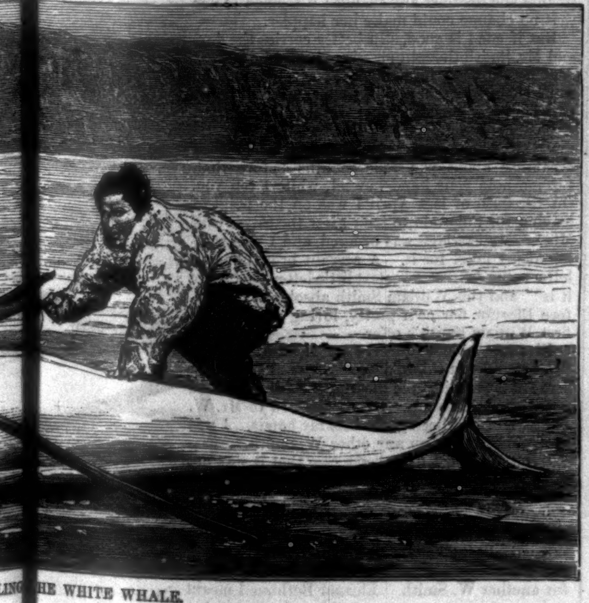
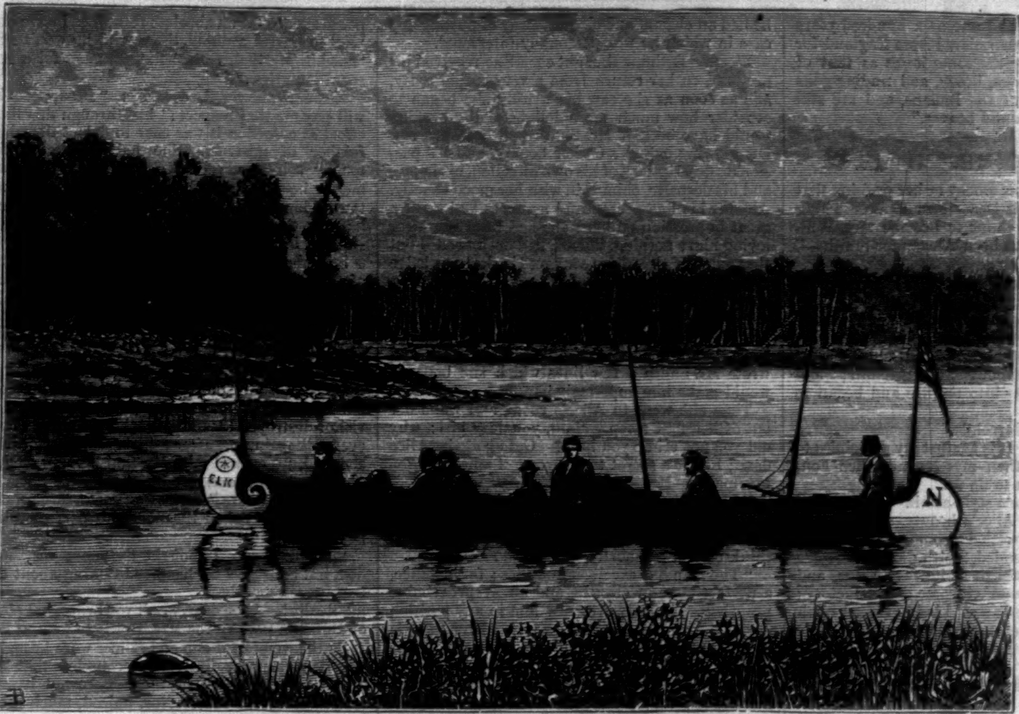
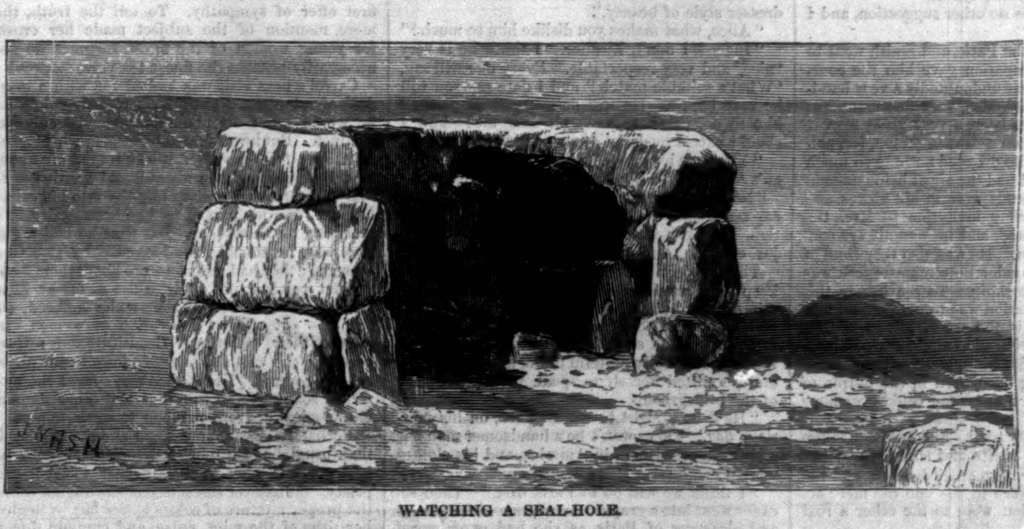


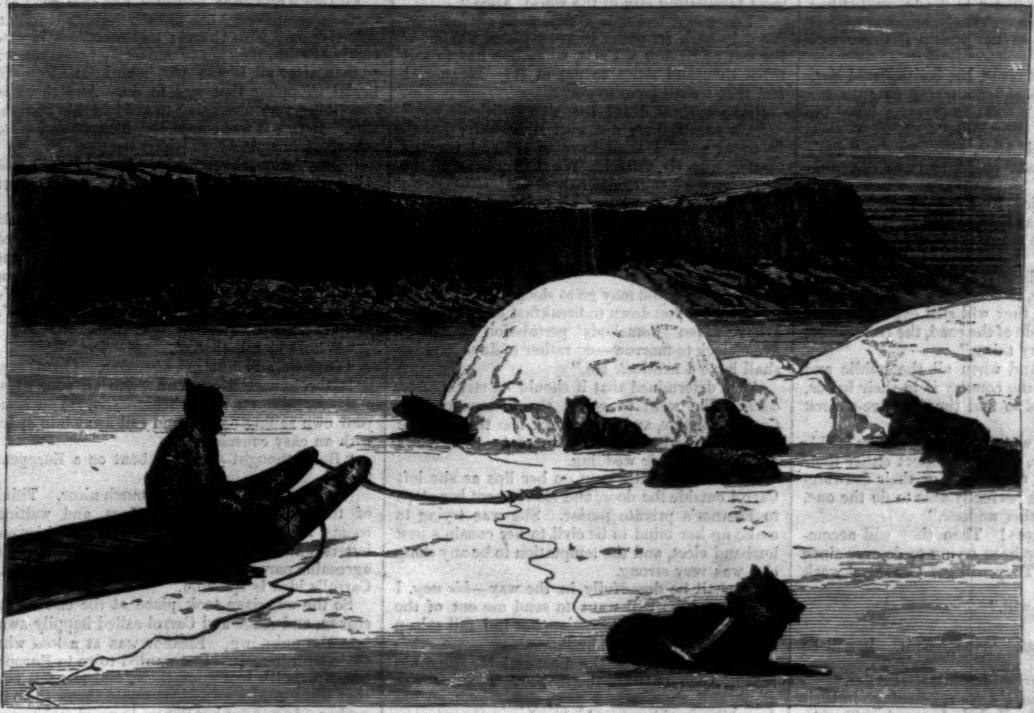
LING HE WHITE WHALE.



RETURNING FROM A MOOSE FACTORY.



WATCHING A SEAL-HOLE.



TRAIN OF DOGS IN HARNESS.

PO T IN HUDSON BAY.

roug t the wooded portions e e oyed almost exclusively e ri furred animals for the the to the Company. The eldo unt unless for sport or t the ginning of winter, the kins e in the best condition, e su ies of provisions, guns, ry a cles, and in the spring l st s the products of their es i great measure are sup- pany d when at the forts for rpo they live at free quar- nes for three months at a , p red by themselves, is chiefly fish, which are found abundantly in the numerous lakes and rivers. Deer, though pursued with activity, form a precarious resource, rendered more so by the improvidence which prevents the hunter from laying up any store of food. A party have been known, after spearing a vast number of these animals in their spring and autumn excursions, merely to cut out the tongues, and allow the carcasses to float down the nearest river, though fully aware that two or three months later they would be exposed to the utmost extremities of famine. Every post of the Company serves as a hospital, to which they resort during sickness, and are supplied with food and medicine. When winter arrives, the diseased and infirm are frequently left there while the rest are employed in hunting. The directors have made great efforts to introduce vaccination, but have encountered great difficulties through the superstitious prejudices of the people.

Among the natives about Hudson Bay the Esquimaux afford an interesting study to the traveller who has an interest in northern aboriginal character. The stories that are told of the first attempts of the missionaries to convert them have many of them their amusing side. On one occasion the missionaries fancied they had a co-laborer in a woman named Mikak. This poor Esquimau female, together with her son Karpik, was taken prisoner during a contest between the Europeans and natives, and was carried to London. Being a very intelligent person, she was much impressed with the superior benefits of civilized life, and seemed anxious to communicate some of them to her countrymen, and desired a certain missionary whom she had known in Labrador to establish a mission in the province from which she came. This was accomplished, and when Mikak returned to her own country her assistance was counted upon in the good cause. The poor woman, however, had possessed great fame as a magician, and on one occasion the missionaries, happening to lodge under her roof, had the affliction of hearing the house resound with her savage incantations during the whole night.

The mild character ascribed to this race was found by no means uniformly supported, for even murders among themselves were not unfrequent. Tuglavina, the husband of Mikak, was both a conjurer and a ruffian, and on a journey he killed two of his companions with the view, as it was supposed, of seizing and selling their wives. Polygamy was usually practiced to the utmost extent of the husband's means, and while it was considered as conferring dignity, it yielded a sure profit, as the wives worked hard. Peter, one of their earliest converts, having constructed a kayak—a peculiar craft like that shown in our engraving—the missionaries were dismayed to learn that he had taken unto himself four wives, two of whom were mother and daughter. On receiving a solemn remonstrance, he admitted and bewailed his sin, yet could not be induced to quit it, because without this number of hands he could not manage a boat. One of our engravings shows the Esquimau as he builds his snow hut, or iglow, using only a long broad-bladed knife to cut and shape the frozen blocks; another shows him with his team of dogs either resting after a journey, or considering when he shall start out upon one.

The foreign population in the neighborhood of Hudson Bay has, of course, been drawn there by the fur trade, which includes nearly every valuable fur-bearing animal in the world. Formerly the beaver was the main staple of the fur trade, not owing to the value of its skin, which in proportion to its size is inferior to that of the marten and sea-otter, but from its abundance and the use made of it in the once popular beaver hat. Nowadays it yields precedence to the seal. The beaver appears to be indigenous in all the northern parts of this continent, though in settled countries, and even in those open to private hunters, it is nearly exterminated.

Hunting, of course, forms the only interest at Hudson Bay, and unless the visitor has a keen taste for this sport, there is little attraction for him in this part of North America. The simple business of trapping animals and preparing their skins for market does not admit of much in the way of progress and novelty. Life among Esquimaux and Indians is agreeable to those only who enjoy a return to primitive simplicity. Civilization is left behind, and the few white men in the Company's service lead a sort of pioneer life, in which, however, there seems to be no progress and no improvement. Mr. H. M. Robinson, in an article on the "Honorable Hudson Bay Company," published in the latest issue of *Harper's Magazine*, tells us: "At most of the interior posts time moves slowly, and change is almost un-